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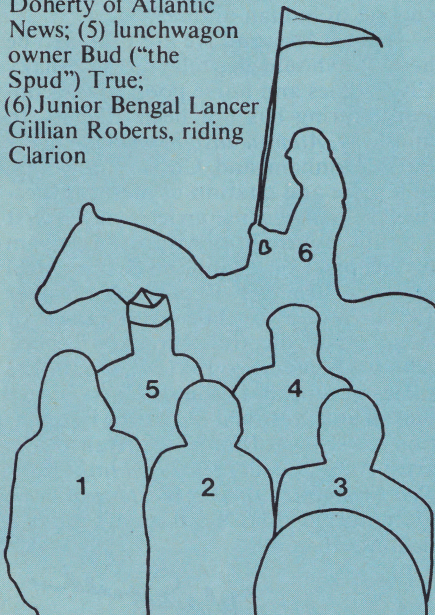
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July 1982, Vol. 4 No. 7

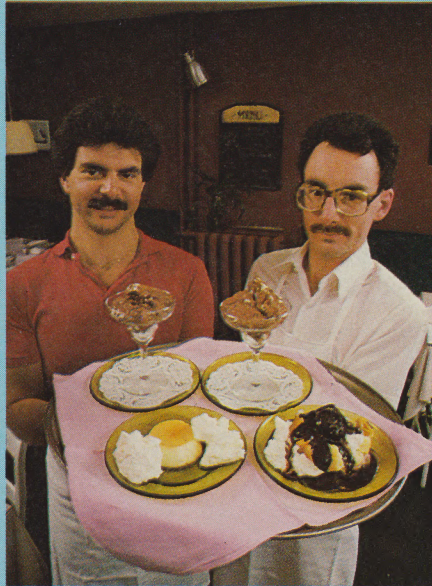


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Cover Story: To Ray Guy it may be Hali-bloody-fax, the city you love to hate. But to the six people, one dog and one horse shown on our cover, plus thousands of other devoted residents, human and animal, it's one of the greatest little cities anywhere. Here's to Halifax, in a special essay by Harry Bruce, and in appreciation of what's old, what's new, what's great about living here. The illustration below identifies the happy Haligonians on our cover: (1) Jill Stone, waitress at Brandy's lounge; (2) Kindness Club president Margaret Stanbury, with Tiffany; (3) CBC Radio weatherman Reid Dexter; (4) Pat Doherty of Atlantic News; (5) lunchwagon owner Bud ("the Spud") True; (6) Junior Bengal Lancer Gillian Roberts, riding Clarion



COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



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Food: Tucked away in one small room near the Halifax waterfront is Café Quelque Chose, one of the city's new, good little restaurants. Owner-chefs Michael Schneiderman and John Hurlbert keep the menus simple, the service friendly. Small is definitely beautiful.



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Travel: Edinburgh, capital of Scotland, is described in one handbook for tourists as a place of "ghosts and goblins, horrors and hauntings." And it is. It's also a place of frequently horrible weather—especially in midwinter. So why would you want to go in midwinter? Because this is truly one of the glorious cities of the world. At any time. Besides, you can always hide from the outdoors in an impossibly cosy pub. By Harry Bruce

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Editor's Letter

Some months are enough to make you wonder whether you've got a tight grip on it all. We've had one of those months, putting this issue together. It all started with the fibreglass cattle herd.

We've been a little nervous about featuring animals in the magazine ever since we inadvertently killed off a prize Prince Edward Island pig late last fall (see Editor's Letter, January, 1982). We've got our fingers crossed for the oxen (Heritage, page 38) as well as the horse and dog who appear on this month's cover. But we thought we were pretty safe with the fibreglass herd (Folks, page 51).

It was a fine, bright day in May when David Nichols set out to photograph the herd. A fine, bright, windy day. The animals were stored in a barn—one Clydesdale, one cow, a calf and two baby bulls—but it seemed like a good idea to bring them out and set them up in a field, which is where they usually are in the summer, to the delight and possibly the mystification of passers-by.

It was a good idea and it worked fine until the Clydesdale blew down. Well, I said it was a windy day. In the picture on our Folks page, the horse is actually being held in place, though you can't see by whom, and David says that anybody who thinks a photographer's job is easy should just go have a try at hauling fibreglass Clydesdales around for a while.

That was one merry day in May for our resourceful photography director. Then there was the day he photographed our cover. (In between, just for laughs, he'd almost got dumped in the North West Arm, camera and all, when the *Laser* sailed by Kathy Shaw, also on our Folks page, took a tricky turn.)

This month's cover story is all about Halifax. (Anyone who can't stand it and feels the need of an immediate antidote should turn to Ray Guy's column on the back page.) And the people on our cover, all Halifax people of greater or lesser fame, gathered on another bright and shiny day, down on the waterfront, to let us take their picture.

David had brought our art director, Bill Richardson, along for creative support and together they formed up the little group which, in addition to the six people and their props, also included a dog named Tiffany and a horse named Clarion. As the session wore on, they made a discovery: While real horses do not blow down in the wind, they do other things that fibreglass Clydesdales do not. In short, Clarion heard the call and proceeded to answer it, all over the waterfront boardwalk.

Well, we couldn't leave it like that.



After all, it was clean when we got there and it's not the sort of souvenir any magazine wants to leave behind it, in memory of another immortal shot. But Bill Richardson says that anyone who thinks an art director's job is easy should just go have a try at hanging around with real, live horses on the waterfront for a while.

Our Halifax story marks the first time we've done a major piece on one of the region's cities and we plan to follow it, in future issues, with word and picture portraits of other cities in the area. Like our small towns and our rural communities, Atlantic cities have a special flavor all their own. Harry Bruce sums up Halifax's beautifully in his cover story essay: "First, she's got the sea, and all the ships, horns, tugs, whistles, signals, lights, mists, gulls, sailors and stories that go with the sea. Second, she's got history, a history that rings with words like corvette, Battle of the Atlantic, the *Titanic*, the *Tallahassee*, the triangular trade, privateer, responsible government, lords, ladies, doxies, explosions, riots....If you know Halifax history...you also know it's a privilege to be alive in the streets of a place that, for 233 years, has been a cockpit of human drama."

That it has, and we are proud to be here. We should also tell you that, shaky Clydesdales and horse poop to the contrary, spring has not been all bad. In mid-May, *Atlantic Insight* writers Parker Barss Donham and Chris Wood won first prize and citation of merit, respectively, for magazine articles in the first Atlantic Journalism Awards; Donham for his piece on 17 injured Sydney steel workers (Special Report, November 1981), Wood for his investigation of toxic waste disposal (Special Report, August/September 1981). Later in the same month, in Toronto, Harry Bruce picked up a National Magazine Foundation silver award for his portrait of the artist Alex Colville (*The Most Important Realist Painter of the Western World*, December, 1981). No, it wasn't really a bad month at all.

Marilyn MacDonald



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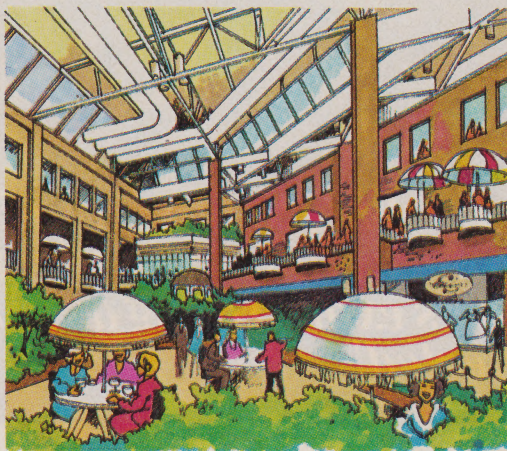
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FEEDBACK

Why medical boards?

Thank you for including Stephen Kimber's article *The Secret Society of Doctors* (Professions) in your May issue. If a local hospital board can reverse a 14-member provincial medical board's verdict, why is it necessary to have a provincial medical board to hold hearings on misconduct? Tom Regan is to be congratulated on his stand. It must be frustrating for his students to understand the workings of such boards.

Marie Bickerton
Canning, N.S.

Tragic irony of Soviet publishing

I welcomed Harry Thurston's article on David Adams Richards (*Canada Catches Up with David Richards—at Last*, Literature, May), whose work I greatly admire: I was, in fact, among those who in the *Books in Canada* survey Mr. Thurston mentions singled him out as "the most underrated writer in the country." However, I regret your stressing his sales "success" in Russia. This repeats an error made in a *Moncton Times* article two years ago, which celebrated the Russian contract for *The Coming of Winter*. At that time the writer supposed its appeal for Russians lay in its Tolstoyan quality. This was naive. It was doubtless selected because, showing honestly as it does the harsh reality of a certain community in a capitalist country, it would promote the Soviet propaganda image of the West. For similar reasons the Russians have translated African anti-colonialists, American and British social-realists—and still present Dickens' novels as if the Victorian conditions they expose remain unchanged. It is a tragic irony that, while Soviet presses pour out copies of such Western truth-telling fiction, comparable Russian writers cannot get their work past the censorship. Instead of coming to terms with the bitter truths of their own exiled Solzhenitsyn, Aksekov or Zinoviev, Russian "critics" will invite their readers to gloat over the ugliness of that West those exiles preferred (despite its faults) in such artfully chosen, very probably bowdlerized, importations as *The Coming of Winter*.

Michael Thorpe
Sackville, N.B.

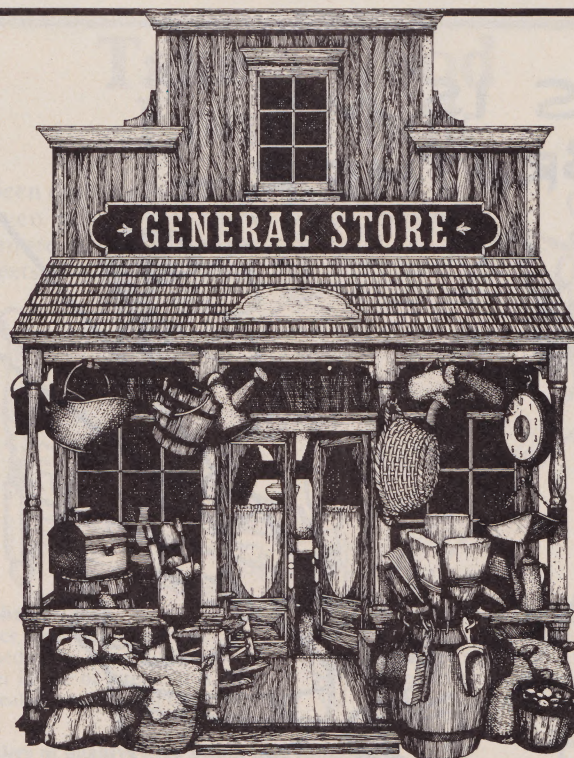
No rift in N.B. Liberal party

I hope that in some future issue I will read a more positive article about an up-and-coming native New Brunswicker and future premier of this province, Doug Young, than the article by Jon Everett (*New Liberal Leader, Same Old Strife*, New Brunswick, April). To tear this article apart paragraph by paragraph would be a waste of your time, but may I point out to you that there are many inaccuracies in it. Things have been suggested in such a manner to leave the

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FEEDBACK

reader believing there is a great rift in the Liberal party in New Brunswick which is not true. Mr. Brydon has softened his harsh criticism and is seeking to be welcomed back into the fold. The only riding president who did tender his resignation withdrew it after being urged by his riding to do so, and everywhere Day delegates, Frenette delegates and Maher delegates are working side by side. The Liberals are flourishing in New Brunswick under their new leader.

Connie Leneham
Riverview, N.B.

N.S. Children's Village not the first

In reference to the article in April's issue (*Nova Scotia's Village for Homeless Kids*, International), this is not the first in North America as the Salvation Army has for many years operated the "Children's Village" in London, Ont., on similar principles to those outlined by Beaudin. I would also question a couple of points. Who is to say that the director would always be a father? And why restrict those in the houses to women? The Salvation Army program has couples in each of the "cottages" and this seems to work very well. Giving the kids a chance is a good idea but perhaps some of the details need to be looked at more closely.

Rev. R. Marilyn MacDonald
Middle Musquodoboit, N.S.

Promote with a boat

It was with sorrow that I read your article *Bluenose II Heads for Rough Weather* (Nova Scotia, April). The Nova Scotia government, with a little help from Ottawa if they can get it, should immediately take on the task of rebuilding the *Bluenose*. Its popularity as a tourist promotion cannot be doubted, and it would be a shame to let the idea end with this vessel. Why not carry the idea of using ships to promote tourism to greater heights? For instance, there could be a replica built of another famous (but much larger) Nova Scotian boat, the *William Lawrence*, originally built in Maitland. Then there is the possibility of constructing an old French warship to complement the fortress at Louisbourg. All this costs a great deal of money, I'll admit, but if one little schooner can gain so much popularity, I think a decision to fully develop the idea of lofty sailboats as your province's symbol can't go wrong.

Tim Jaques
Dalhousie, N.B.

Something's fishy

I have read the article on Burton Flynn (*Burton Flynn Battles the Feds for the Right to Fish*, New Brunswick, March) and I would like to set the record straight on several points. The catch of scallops of the *Sea Scanner* when arrested was not given away. Normal practice when charges are laid is to seize the catch, sell it to a buyer or processor, and the monies paid are deposited in a special

escrow account pending the outcome of court action. When the charges now outstanding have been dealt with by the courts, the monies held may be returned to Mr. Flynn, depending on the outcome of the trial. Limited entry licensing is a cornerstone of our management policies. When entry was limited in the Fundy scallop fishery in 1973, only vessels that were licensed and active in 1972 could participate. Mr. Flynn only requested to license the vessel on June 26, 1981, and submitted a formal notice of transfer on August 24, 1981, stating in writing he had bought the vessel from William Newman without licences. Since 1973 to the present, various fishermen have come forward with sales slips, affidavits, etc., as proof that they were actively participating in the fishery in 1972, and have been given licences if it was deemed they met the criteria. You call this applying the rules unequally, I call it giving fishermen the benefit of the doubt.

*Pierre A. Comeau,
Director, Field Services
Scotia-Fundy Region
Fisheries and Oceans Canada*

New Brunswick leads


Mr. Joyce needn't have gone so far afield (Sask. and Ont.) to find legislation concerning limitations on political financing (*The New Election Act: Squabbling Among the Pols and a Ho-Hum from the Public*, Politics, February). New Brunswick, I'm pleased to say, implemented perhaps the most advanced legislation in the country in the spring of 1978. I'm sure Newfoundlanders of all political persuasions will find working within the limitations of the proposed regulations disconcerting at first, but with fund raising partially looked after and with limitations on expenses for all parties, more time can be spent on other activities.

*S. Boyd Anderson
Moncton, N.B.*

Covering all bases

Knowing that my wife and I are toying with the idea of retiring to the Maritimes in a few years' time, our Halifax daughter and son-in-law gave me a subscription to *Atlantic Insight*. I think the charm of your excellent publication lies in the fact that it is a "people" magazine, one in which Maritimers are presented in a refreshing, straightforward and honest manner. What itchy-footed Quebecer with designs on a maritime pied-à-terre would not be entranced by the enchanting P.E.I. village of Christine Elliott, Larry Peck and Walter Lea? (*Victoria, P.E.I., Small Towns*, February). Who would not delight in the crispy people-centred columns of Harry Bruce, or fail to be caught up in the Colville caper kaffuffle? *Atlantic Insight* covers all the bases, and it makes one wish that one were already part of the vital and exciting scene of which *Insight* tells the dynamic story.

*Leigh Boyle Coffin
Ormstown, Que.*



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Tough times for tenants—and landlords

Nova Scotia's new tenants' union says apartment owners are taking unfair advantage of a tight rental market. Landlords say they're losing their shirts

Last fall, Janet Bertrand's son was having a bath when part of the wall fell on him. When she complained to the landlord, she and her two children were evicted from their apartment. And that was the start of a desperate search for a place to live: Between the end of November and March, Bertrand checked out more than 300 apartments before she finally found one that she could afford—and that would accept a tenant on welfare, with kids.

In Nova Scotia's biggest metropolitan area, which has an apartment vacancy rate of .5%, these are tough times for tenants. "The present rental situation," says Keith Cossey, president of the newly formed Metro Area Tenants' Union, "is impossible." But landlords say they're hurting, too: They're losing their shirts because of out-of-sight mortgage rates.

The result is that tenants and landlords in Nova Scotia have declared war, and the provincial government is caught in the crossfire. Landlords want rent review abolished. Tenants, paying rent hikes up to 30% or more, insist that the government tighten controls on rents.

In February, frightened by the prospect of a bad rental situation becoming worse, more than 100 Halifax tenants met to form a union; by May, membership had tripled and was still growing. The union's mandate is to oppose any weakening of rent controls, uphold tenants' rights and ensure enforcement of fire, safety, health and building codes. "If we don't organize now, we are going to get tramped on," Cossey warns. "Tenants have to give government a kick in the ass so it provides fair legislation and protects our rights. We have to stand up to landlords and point out that tenants don't want to be scapegoats for the ills of the economy."

But Ron Robertson, president of the 260-member Investment Property Owners' Association, says many landlords aren't getting any return on their investment. "I know one Halifax man who has some lovely apartments. His management is good, and he takes pride in his buildings. I've seen his financial statements, made up by an independent body, and he's losing \$30,000 a year. He can't get a rent increase from the \$300 a month he now charges. The killer is that when you get in that position, you can't sell the building. Nobody will buy it."

Robertson says landlords blame rent review for all the province's rental problems. "Regardless of interest rates,

mortgage rates and the economy in general," his association has told the Consumer Affairs Department, "there will be no significant apartment construction until rent review is abolished."

The Rent Review Commission, a government-appointed body, studies about 3,000 applications for rent increases a year in its eight offices around the province. Proposed increases of more than 4% must go before the commission, and the provincial government says it has no intention of raising or eliminating that guideline. "We've done everything we can to help landlords," says Consumer Affairs Minister Laird Stirling, "but their bottom line is unacceptable, and

justify its decision." But Cossey of the Tenants' Union says landlords have an unfair bargaining position because of the low vacancy rate "and are taking advantage of it to gouge as much money as they can out of tenants."

One development that worries tenants is the emergence of a tenant-checking system. A Halifax company called Tru-Cheque has created a computer system that reports to landlords on tenants' credit rating, personal habits and work record. To get this information, landlords pay a membership fee that depends on the number of apartments they own.

Last winter, hundreds of tenants petitioned Stirling to clamp down on Tru-Cheque, which, they said, wasn't regulated properly and was therefore open to abuse. In April, Stirling responded by placing several restrictions on the company. For example, it has to



Cossey: "We have to stand up to landlords"

that is to abolish rent controls. It just can't be done. Why should I listen to their griping when they are getting average increases of 12%?"

John Allen, co-ordinator of the Residential Tenancies Board, which handles landlord-tenant disputes, notes that any property built after Oct. 1, 1975, is not subject to the rent review process. "The government didn't want the theory to be expounded, which is being expounded, that rent review limits the building of new apartments," he says. "It's nonsense."

Robertson says that in some rent review cases he has seen, "I don't see any way in the world the commission could

verify all complaints against tenants, and cannot reveal the informant's identity to anyone except the tenant concerned. (This prevents the landlord calling the informant and getting additional information for which there will be no record and no verification.)

For Tru-Cheque president Don Currie, the flap about his company was simply another chance to enlist more troops in the on-going landlord-tenant war. Membership in the information-service jumped quickly to more than 150 landlords from 46, and now includes thousands of metro apartments. "We're really going to capitalize on the publicity," Currie says. — Joan Weeks

NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

The not-so-bad-news budget

Newfoundlanders were expecting the worst. Maybe that's why they're not crying over the current hikes in taxes, liquor prices and hospital-bed fees

St. John's pub owner Peter Parnham had to raise the price of a bottle of beer to \$1.70 this spring after the Newfoundland government slapped another 10 cents' tax on the brew. Parnham—and, apparently, his customers—is taking the new tax philosophically. People simply resign themselves to rising prices in everything, he says. "It's one of those insidious things."

That may be one reason Newfoundlanders are taking the latest budget, tabled in May by Finance Minister John Collins, in their stride. The other reason is that most people were expecting much worse. Premier Brian Peckford's Conservatives had dropped hints that made taxpayers brace for a fair amount of pain. Some, for instance, had expected that the 11% retail tax, already the highest in Canada, would increase to 14%. When it didn't, Newfoundland taxpayers were like a person who goes to the dentist anticipating a root canal and

leaves with a minor filling, sighing with relief.

"Considering all the circumstances," the St. John's *Evening Telegram* wrote, "this is not a severe budget coming from a government which has just been elected by a huge majority and has between four and five years to go before it has to answer for its stewardship."

Liberal Leader Stephen Neary calls the government's strategy "a shrewd move," but he says it doesn't disguise the fact that the Tories are "juggling figures and the pay cheques of working class people." The budget increased personal income tax to 60% of the federal tax, which means Newfoundland's tax rate is, with Quebec's, the highest in Canada. A pack of cigarettes jumped 10 cents; a 26-ounce bottle of liquor, 70 cents. But, by far "the most cruel act and the most cowardly act" the government committed, Neary says, was to raise the cost of a stay in hospital. The price of a

private room went up \$12 a day to \$30; ward charges increased \$3 to \$5; and semi-private rooms went up \$8 to \$20. In addition, the government has threatened to shut down a small hospital in Markland on the Avalon Peninsula to save money, a move that upsets—among others—the Newfoundland Association of Public Employees, a 14,000-member group of seven unions, including hospital workers.

The association's Hubert Sutton says the budget hits hardest those who can least afford it, such as many of the association's members, whose salaries start at \$10,000. The budget called for restraint in the public service, and although it specified only senior public servants in calling for a 5% limit on salary increases, Sutton says the budget implied lower-paid workers should follow suit. A 5% increase isn't bad, Sutton says, if you're making \$50,000 a year. But \$10,000-a-year workers would make only \$500 a year more at that rate.

The budget froze the salaries and allowances of the 52 members of the House of Assembly, but Sutton isn't shedding any tears over provincial politicians. On March 15, after a four-day session, Peckford called an election, the House prorogued and members received



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BARRETT/PHOTON

Downtown St. John's: Taxpayers were expecting the worst

their \$22,000 salary. MHAs who returned to power after the April 6 election will receive another \$22,000 for the current session, expected to end this month. Cabinet ministers get an additional \$29,000, and Peckford \$40,000. "It's a wonderful position," Sutton says. "I'll take a pay freeze next year. Just pay me twice this one."


Perhaps the harshest criticism against the budget is that it does nothing to stimulate Newfoundland's sluggish economy—a criticism which, of course, has been made of budgets brought down

by other provincial governments. St. John's history professor Lewis Fischer says that apart from "a few, piddling little programs for stimulation," the budget succeeds mostly in reducing consumers' spending power, which doesn't make sense in an economic downturn. "Even Ronald Reagan realizes that," Fischer says of the U.S. president's tax cuts.

And most of the "nickel-and-dime" cutbacks in the budget, Fischer says, will be more of a nuisance than a money-saver—the plan, for instance, to reduce

fluoride treatments for children to once a year from twice.

As a business incentive, the Newfoundland government may exempt certain small businesses from retail sales tax if they invest in labor-intensive equipment to manufacture products to compete with imports. Critics say the program will have little effect because there's little manufacturing in the province anyway. Organizations such as the 1,000-member Board of Trade say the government should carry the proposed tax cuts a step further. "We've been recommending a tax reduction on building materials for some time," president Christine Fagan says. Fagan and Fischer agree on the importance of the construction industry to economic recovery: A tax exemption or reduction could trigger home building to help a comatose construction industry and potential home buyers looking for affordable housing. "That was the single biggest thing that could have been done," Fischer says.

The Opposition leader has no such alternatives to offer, despite his scorn at the "economic fiction" budget ("No matter how thin you slice it, it's still baloney"). Neary says the Tories are blaming Ottawa for the province's economic woes instead of attacking problems such as the failing fishery, business bankruptcies and unemployment. What would he do to attack these problems, he's asked. "Dearie," he replies, "I'm not the premier." 

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More scary questions in the spray debate

Is New Brunswick's spruce budworm spray causing children's deaths? A university research team says it may be. A government task force says it's (probably) safer than toothpaste

In 1973, Ivan McConnell, a farmer in Kazabazua, Que., reported that three of his cows died after they were sprayed by planes treating forests to kill spruce budworm. The planes were spraying a Japanese-made nerve gas known as fenitrothion in a mixture with other chemicals. An agriculture station in nearby Hull determined that the cows had been poisoned, but officials couldn't say with what. The mystery deepened when federal officials in Ottawa peremptorily declared that the spray was not a suspect because, they said, that would be impossible.

Now a nine-man New Brunswick government task force has issued a report that may shed new light on why McConnell's cows died: Maybe it was the shampoo or toothpaste they were using.

Of course, the task force was not looking into the deaths of Quebec live-

Nova Scotia's rate of Reye's was much lower, Dr. John Crocker decided to examine the one element in New Brunswick's environment significantly different from that of Nova Scotia—the budworm spray. His team found that mice with a mild virus died from a Reye's-like illness when exposed to emulsifiers used in the New Brunswick spray mixture.

The team's findings prompted the Nova Scotia government to cancel planned spraying of Cape Breton in 1976 and the New Brunswick legislature's Opposition to demand suspension of spraying pending a full public inquiry. Instead, the New Brunswick government convened a quick, private hearing. Then it went ahead with the largest spray program since spraying began in the province in 1952. The next year, because of a continuing uproar, it banned spraying

But what really upset critics was that Spitzer had once done contract work for Domtar, which operates pulp mills and manufactures emulsifiers. "It's like appointing a doctor who has worked for a tobacco company to decide whether smoking cigarettes is harmful," Foster says. The task force concentrated its guns on one statement made by the Dalhousie team in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*: "In Atlantic Canada, the distribution of cases of Reye's syndrome has...been found to coincide geographically with forested areas that have been sprayed....The populace of unsprayed areas had, and still has, a significantly lower incidence...than the populace of the sprayed area."

In April, after polling hospitals and meeting for three, two-day sessions, the task force concluded there was no geographical parallel between New Brunswick Reye's cases and the spray map. The Reye's rate, it said, was lower than in such industrial states as Michigan and Ohio. And if emulsifiers are found to



stock, but of New Brunswick children. Ever since fenitrothion replaced DDT in 1968 in New Brunswick's annual budworm spray program, families have been reporting the deaths of children after their exposure to the spray. And officials have been saying the spray could not be at fault.

The main evidence that it *could* be comes from research at the Dalhousie University School of Medicine in Halifax. In January, a national CBC radio program publicized the work at Dalhousie, along with statistics on New Brunswick's inordinately high rates of some cancers and birth defects. In February the government appointed a task force to judge whether the spray was linked to children's deaths.

The Dalhousie research began about the time McConnell's cows were dying. Doctors at the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children in Halifax, which serves the Maritimes, wondered why so many New Brunswick children were being brought in suffering from Reye's syndrome, a rare, often fatal, brain-liver disease. The children would contract a mild virus, then turn gravely ill. Since

near habitation.

This year, the uproar hit a new crescendo with the CBC program, produced in Toronto by Bert Deveau, who once edited a weekly newspaper in Fredericton. After its initial research, the Dalhousie team had looked into the role of interferon in Reye's. Interferon is a protein the body produces to combat viruses. A few years ago, the team found that budworm spray emulsifiers given to animals with viruses blocked production of interferon. In January, Deveau broadcast the latest finding: Children with Reye's had malfunctioning interferon systems.

The New Brunswick government named Dr. Walter Spitzer of McGill University in Montreal to head its task force. From the outset, the anti-spray organization Concerned Parents feared the exercise would be a "task farce." Past president Jean Foster of Hampton, where two children with a "cold sore" virus died from brain disease following the 1976 spray campaign, says: "Neither the method of selection of members nor their terms of reference were made public."

have a role in Reye's, it said, then common items that contain them—such as shampoo and toothpaste—would be likelier suspects in the New Brunswick cases than the budworm spray.

Dr. Robin Walker, chief of pediatrics at Moncton Hospital, argued that the study was "inappropriate" because it failed to compare New Brunswick with Nova Scotia and did not include data from the Killam Hospital.

Ironically, the task force hedged its main findings with a series of recommendations that might have been lifted from an old Concerned Parents brief: Find out whether the spray is linked to cancer or birth defects. (Research done by the Japanese National Cancer Centre showed that fenitrothion causes mutations and chromosome aberrations.) Appoint a provincial toxicologist. Don't use the emulsifier Atlox 3409 while it is being investigated at Dalhousie.

This last recommendation hoisted the New Brunswick government with its own petard. Unable to use Atlox, it had to cut the spray program this spring from a proposed 5.4 million acres to 4 million.

— Jon Everett



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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Striking a blow for the family farm

If P.E.I.'s new legislation works the way it's supposed to, it will head off the fat cats who've been gobbling up little Island farms

In the early 19th century, many of Prince Edward Island's tenant farmers engaged for years in a kind of guerrilla warfare against the land ownership system—neglecting to pay rents, taking up pitchfork and musket against the landlords' agents, burning down the odd building. The land struggle dates back to the late 1700s, when a few, rich, absentee landlords gained control of most of P.E.I., and it lasted until the federal government passed an act a century later, forcing the landlords to sell out.

Today, in a province that has precious little land to begin with, it's no wonder Islanders are touchy about the issue of land ownership. People like Gordon Lank, a farmer and Conservative MLA who headed a year-long legislative committee study of the issue, tend to recall the Island's not-so-ancient history when they talk about its recent land problems: Choice lots slipping into the hands of non-Islanders, and small family farms, the backbone of the Island way of life, being gobbled up by a few big landlords.

This spring, the Island's Conservative government passed what Lank believes is a first in North America: An act that places a ceiling on the amount of land anyone can acquire without a special permit from the cabinet—1,000 acres for an individual and 3,000 acres for a corporation. "We were getting a lot of big farmers, and the big farmers were buying out other farmers, and pretty soon we'd have land holdings that nobody could afford to buy," Lank says.

One immediate effect of the Lands Protection Act will be to dampen expansion plans by the New Brunswick Irving family, who already own 1,400 acres of Island farmland and a potato processing plant in New Annan called Cavendish Farms. Last year, the Irvings inquired about buying 6,000 more acres to grow more potatoes for the plant. Because non-residents and corporations must get cabinet approval to buy large tracts of land, the controversial Irving proposal turned into a hot potato for the Island government. The Irving plant, the only one on the Island that makes french-fries, means jobs and tax revenues for the Island, but the Tories are committed to a policy of protecting small, family farms. So instead of saying yes or no to the Irvings, the government threw the whole land ownership issue into the lap of Lank's legislative committee.

Lank, 40, who raises hogs and cattle on a 600-acre farm in Hampshire, notes that the Irving ambitions were only one

aspect of a disturbing trend on the Island toward fewer, bigger farms. The average Island farm now is 166 acres, compared with 85 acres 70 years ago. Surprisingly, tiny P.E.I. has the fourth-largest average farm size in the country (Manitoba's is 436 acres; Saskatchewan's, 689; Alberta's, 491). "The question," Lank says, "is are you going to let people build up a big land base, and then when they sell it, it's only going to be to somebody as big or bigger than they are."

Lank estimates that about 10 land-



Lank: "We're not forcing anybody to sell"

holders own Island lots bigger than 3,000 acres, the largest being about 7,000 acres. They won't be forced to sell any land, although the act says they can't get any bigger.

Lank's committee began hearings on land ownership last spring, and the unanimous report it submitted forms the basis of the new law. The bill was supported by both sides of the legislature, although not all Islanders endorse it wholeheartedly.

On one hand, Ira Lewis, chairman of the P.E.I. Potato Marketing Board, has

said there should be no acreage limit on any farmer. The bill, he says, reflects a government that is "getting too dictatorial."

On the other hand, Wayne Easter of North Wiltshire, a dairy farmer who's vice-president of the National Farmers' Union (NFU), believes the act doesn't go far enough. The NFU says non-farming corporations (such as Irving) shouldn't be allowed to own more than 50 acres; farm corporations should be limited to 1,500 acres and individuals to 500. "It's not exactly what we wanted," Easter says, "but at least it's a start." What really worries him is a section of the act that allows cabinet to issue special permits for purchases above the 1,000- or 3,000-acre limit where it is "in the public interest to do so." "The way it sits right now," Easter says, "Cavendish Farms could go to the cabinet and say, 'We've got to have 5,000 more acres—if we don't get it, we'll pull out and go to New Brunswick.' It leaves the cabinet open to pressure tactics from corporations."

That loophole wasn't included in the Lank committee's recommendations, but Lank says he's confident it's an exemption that will be rarely used. For one thing, he says, cabinet has to explain to the legislature why it gave permission for the sale. For another, cabinet now has clear guidelines to follow. "Before, if Cavendish Farms applied to the cabinet to buy land, why should the cabinet turn them down—on what basis? Previous to this, nobody has sat down and said, this is as far as a company should go."

The Lands Protection Act is the second major land-ownership law passed on the Island in 10 years. In 1972, the then Liberal government passed a law requiring cabinet approval for purchases of more than 10 acres by non-residents; two years later, an amendment included purchases by corporations.

Neither of these acts is nearly as dramatic as the Land Purchase Act of 1875, which took control of Island land away from the big landlords. But then, land ownership on the Island hasn't yet regressed to that 19th-century feudalistic system. "We're not forcing anybody to sell their land," Lank says. "But we are ensuring that we don't fall back into the situation from where we came." ☒

How to talk about drinking & driving



to your teenagers

We all know going out is fun, and no parent wants to take away those good times. But these days, with teenagers in and out of cars so much, it's crucial that they understand the dangers of drinking and driving, and that they can avert potential trouble by making the right decisions.

First, set your son or daughter straight on this often-misunderstood fact: beer, wine and spirits—in excess, all three are just as dangerous on the road.

A good way of avoiding trouble is to plan ahead. Suggest that your teenagers review their evening before going out. If they see drinking involved, far better to leave the car at home than to take chances later behind the wheel.

Far better also to say no to a drink, to refuse to drive, or to turn down a lift with an impaired friend than to go along with the crowd and maybe regret it.

You can support your teenagers and give them confidence by letting them know that if they ever need help you'll go for them, pay their cab or do whatever is necessary to get them home safely.

Most important, be a good example. Never drive if you've had even one drink too many. Better still, don't let it come to that. Know your limit and stay within it.

to your parents

If you're not of legal drinking age, don't touch a drop. But if you are, and you drive, then you're old enough to do your part in reaching an agreement with your parents on the subject.

Sure they worry. Because even if you don't drink, others in your group may. The friend driving you home one night may have had too much.

Show that you're equally concerned. Get serious. For instance, what have you read lately about the dangers of drinking and driving? Do you know how much beer, wine or spirits your body can safely handle before your judgment becomes impaired? Do you know the law in your province? And what happens if you break it?

Get the facts and discuss them calmly. Then take the initiative and propose a few family ground rules.

No driving if you've been drinking beyond your limit. (We'll send you a valuable free chart on responsible limits if you write us.) No riding with a friend who's been drinking. And convince your parents if a situation ever turns dicey, you won't hesitate to phone for help.

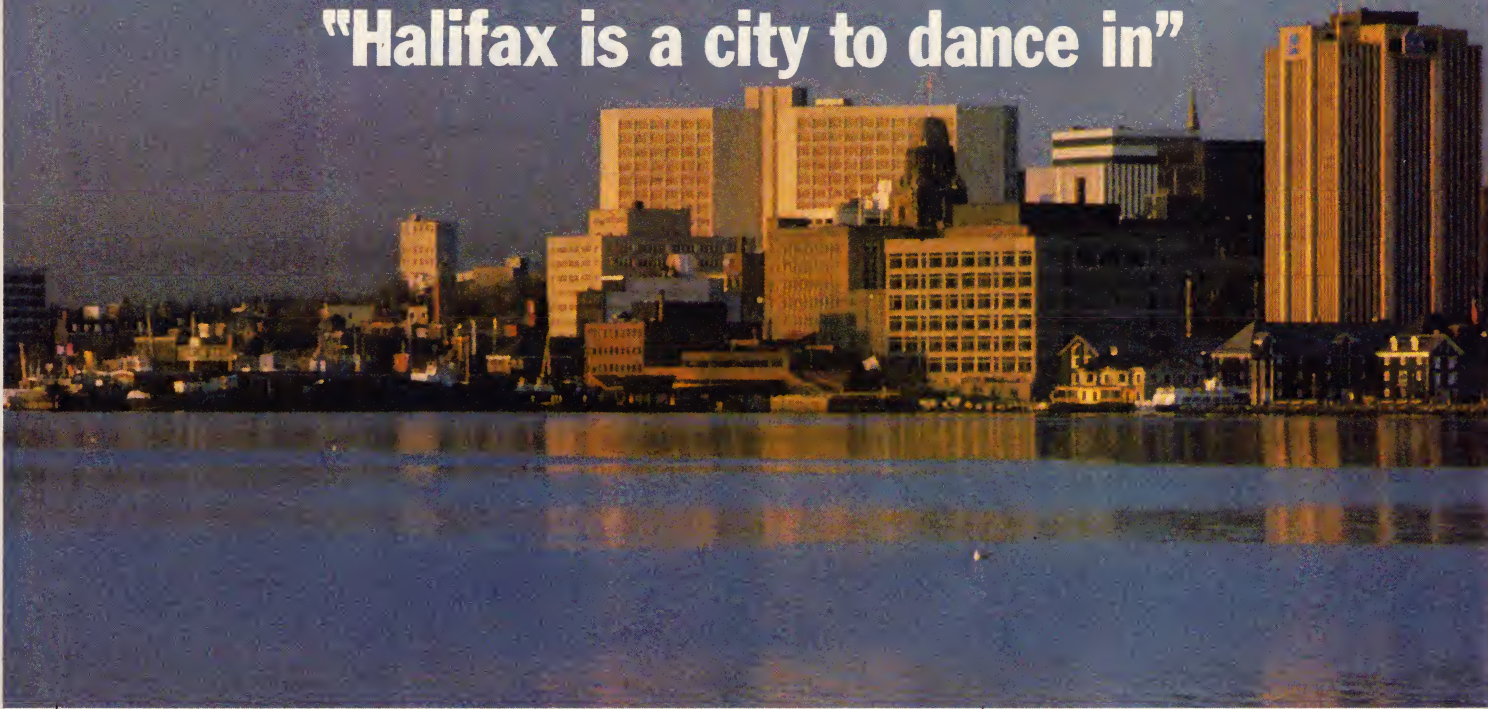
Finally, remind your parents you're concerned for their safety, too, and that the family rules on drinking and driving apply to them, as well.

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COVER STORY

"Halifax is a city to dance in"



Though Toronto was his first love and he visits her occasionally, this writer says, "I never stay long. I get too homesick. For Halifax. She still makes me feel as she did when I first knew her, 29 years ago: Absolutely sure that something good is waiting for me out there"

By Harry Bruce

The first time I saw Halifax, her heart was young and gay, but mine was young and utterly miserable. I was 18. I was sensitive, romantic. I wrote poetry. I was skinny as a fencepost, nervous as a cat, shy as a fawn, randy as a goat, desperate to lose my virginity, and hopelessly sure that the place to lose it was not Halifax but the muggy beaches of my home town, Toronto. Newfoundland writer Ray Guy said Toronto smelled of mud and soap. Exactly. Mud, soap, moist leaves, luke lake-water, and the skin of girls. Girls I knew, and had not smelled for months and, since I had now joined the navy, would not smell for many more months to come. "Joined the navy," is an exaggeration. May I explain?

While a freshman from Toronto at Mount Allison University, I had managed to get home at Christmas. But now I had enrolled in the University Naval Training Division, and instead of returning to Toronto in April I was doomed to spend an eternal summer enduring the untender mercies of the Stadacona naval base in Halifax. For the first time in my life, I'd be away from the Toronto leaves, lake and girls for eight consecutive months; and though this may surprise homesick Haligonians in Toronto, I know that, at 18, it is possible to be a mooning (in the older sense of the word, of course), aching, weeping, haunted and homesick Torontonians in Halifax.

Edgar Friedenberg, the Louisiana-born author and sociologist who teaches in Halifax, has said the city is beautiful but strangely depressing, and that's exactly how she struck me in that long-gone summer of 1953. The Second World War had been over only eight years, and it was as though the cold sea mist that enshrouded the pretty city on some mornings was a left-over cloud of other men's homesickness, the relentless yearning of thousands upon thousands of doomed sailors. I marched, I mastered semaphore, I studied knots, lifeboat drill, navigation. I discovered how horrible a boy can feel after obeying an officer's orders to chug-a-lug beer. I even learned to use my quavering voice to bark orders. I dreamed of girls and, all summer, I counted the days till I'd see Toronto again.

I also learned to beat my homesickness by going over the wall. It was actually a wire fence, about seven feet high, at the south end of Stadacona, just a sprint from the room I shared with seven young guys from across Canada. They'd never rat on me. On nights we were supposed to be confined to the base, I'd yank on my grey flannels, a sweater and my sneakers and go over that fence with the speed of a sex-crazed gibbon. It was wonderful to be back in my loose-fitting civvies from Toronto, and I had discovered that Halifax, too, had girls.

Those innocent, illegal excursions gave me shots of freedom that hit me like a drug, made me feel daring and, with the right girl, fantastically witty. I still can't pass a circus in Halifax without remembering the night I went over the fence, picked up a girl I'd met the night before at the YWCA dance, and wandered around a circus midway with her, hand-in-hand. She had a way of gently bumping me with her hip. Her name was Ruby, and she was from Prince Edward Island. She was short and round, with clean, yellow curly hair, happy blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, and white arms that improved moonlight. She had an exceptionally kissable mouth, and on the steps of her rooming house on Cherry Street, we kissed for a long time. Then I loped through the chill midnight air, took the Stadacona fence at a single bound (well, not quite), climbed into my lower bunk. "Did you score tonight, Harry?" the guy above me asked sleepily. The usual, irritating question. I sighed mysteriously.

Out of uniform and in uniform, with a girl from Truro, a girl from Chester, a girl from Bland Street, a girl from Barrington Street, a black woman from Barrington Street, and an Acadian woman who worked in the kitchen at Stadacona, I discovered Halifax, if not exactly my manhood. With one or another of them, I found the singing pines of Point Pleasant Park after dark; the sunny, salty, icy joys of the Dingle (which you reached by ferry from the foot of Coburg Road); the sedate, Victorian ritual of a Sunday-afternoon band concert in the Public Gardens; the Green Lantern restaurant of wartime fame; the Lord Nelson Coffee Shop, where an 18-year-old "naval officer" could buy a beer



DAVID NICHOLS

among respectable Haligonians, with no questions asked; the truly swinging dances at the Jubilee Boat Club, where the lights danced on the slick, black, rippling surface of the Northwest Arm; and the forbidden pleasures of the Olympic Gardens, now headquarters for bingo and flea markets but, in those days, a joint where you packed your own booze and bought your own mix, and two dance-bands revolved on a circular stage, and the music never stopped. I say "forbidden" because, strictly speaking, officer-cadets weren't supposed to mingle with Halifax low-life. We college boys weren't popular with hard-handed ratings and, in such a place, showing our faces was almost an invitation to have them punched.

The girl from Chester looked as soft as Ruby, which was very soft indeed, but whenever I got "fresh" she showed me she was as powerful as the Toronto wrestler of my time, Whipper Billy Watson. This was frustrating and humiliating, but she and all my other female guides to the fine things about Halifax in the summer of '53 were unfailingly kind and uncritical to a lonely boy from Toronto. They paid me a strange compliment, something I had never heard from a Toronto girl. At some time in these sweet, fleet relationships, they all said, "You must come from nice folks." I wondered how they knew.

Summer ended, as summers do, and I joyfully boarded the Ocean Limited, homeward bound. I would not see Halifax again for 11 years, but neither would I forget her. Toronto was my first love, of course, but if I should ever break up with her, well, Halifax was certainly an intriguing little number. A man could do

a lot worse. In 1963, on one of those October weekends when the city glows with melancholy beauty, I returned to interview the premier, Robert Stanfield. The harbor was so deep a blue it was almost purple. Trees blazed. The smell of burning leaves drifted all over town, and what had happened to Ruby? Stanfield didn't tell me much about anything, but Halifax did. Halifax wooed me. During the rest of the Sixties, I persuaded assorted Toronto editors to pay my way to see her again and, each time, she tempted me with untypically superb weather. One afternoon in February, 1970, I found myself ambling past the wooden houses on Victoria Road. Strange heat had enveloped the city. The melting snow made streams on the sidewalk. Youths sat on their front steps drinking beer from bottles with local labels. They grinned, and said hello. "Great day, isn't it?" The air belonged to June. Could this really be February? Could this really be Halifax? Yes, it was the old Halifax seducer, at her tricky, irresistible best; and in 1971 we got married.

I have not regretted it. I know now, of course, that her weather can be vile. But that's just part of her moodiness, and it still fascinates me. What else has she got? Without trotting out clichés, it's hard to say. Oh well, few lovers can avoid clichés. First, she's got the sea, and all the ships, horns, tugs, whistles, signals, lights, mists, gulls, sailors and stories that go with the sea. Second, she's got history, a history that rings with words like corvette, Battle of the Atlantic, the *Titanic*, the *Tallahassee*, the triangular trade, privateer, re-

sponsible government, lords, ladies, doxies, explosions, riots....If you know Halifax history (and the easiest way to absorb some is to read Thomas Rad-dall's fine book, *Halifax: Warden of the North*) you also know it's a privilege to be alive in the streets of a place that, for 233 years, has been a cockpit of human drama.

What else? Well, I could list her universities, historic buildings, theatres, art galleries, orchestras, museums, sports arenas, parks and weirdly numerous downtown graveyards, and I could document the recent and remarkable proliferation of restaurants, taverns and bars, but you can find such stuff in the Yellow Pages. I'll just say that Halifax has all the cultural facilities that most people will ever want; and that the city is so compact that, by Toronto standards, they are fantastically easy to reach. I walk a lot. Halifax also has the prettiest street name in Canada, Spring Garden Road, and residents who perfectly combine formality and friendliness. They're there when you need them, but they don't push their way into your lives.

Whenever I see kids and men up on Citadel Hill, letting the wind zoom their kites high above the old fortress and out toward that great harbor, I think of something an American philosopher of leisure said. "Do you know what a holiday is?" Sebastian de Grazia asked. "A day to dance in." Halifax is a city to dance in. Though I occasionally visit my old love, Toronto, I never stay long. I get too homesick. For Halifax. She still makes me feel as she did when I first knew her, 29 years ago: Absolutely sure that something good is waiting for me out there. ☒

On the waterfront

Here's the soul of the city—weathered, 19th-century buildings, docks for ocean-going ships, ferry landings, a fish market and the sharp smell of salt air

On this sunny spring morning, it's quiet on the Halifax waterfront: A middle-aged man sits on an upper level of the boardwalk that hugs the harbor, reading Robert Ludlum's latest best seller. A woman studies a city map. Two young men in suits sit close to the water's edge, sipping coffee before going to work. From the deck of the ferry terminal with the gaudy orange roof (former Halifax mayor Edmund Morris chose the color), a couple watches a navy destroyer sail in as a smart, navy-and-white Halifax-Dartmouth ferry glides across the harbor. In a few weeks, loads of tourists, some off the 50-odd buses that stop at Historic Properties daily, will join the early-morning dawdlers on the waterfront.

It's a fine place, crowded or not. The only way to go, though, is by foot. Because street parking space is scarce, it's smart not to take your car near the waterfront unless you park in the Historic Properties parking lot (\$6.50 a day) or want to risk a parking fine, courtesy of the city's alert ticketers, the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires and the local police. (Last year, they issued 170,114 parking tickets in Halifax, a city with a population of 118,000.)

Work on a spiffy new Sheraton Hotel will begin soon on space the parking lot now occupies. Next door, trendy shops, pubs and restaurants fill Historic Properties, a complex of restored 19th-century buildings. In the Sixties, the City of Halifax planned to level the lot of them for office towers. Then a citizens' group headed by Halifax historian Lou Collins fought to save what he called "the last significant group of waterfront buildings of such an age still standing anywhere in Canada." (One building on Upper Water Street supposedly had been a brothel.) During the Napoleonic Wars, 1803 to 1815, privateers cached their loot in Privateer's Warehouse. Today, downtown workers and college kids spend their cash at the Lower Deck, a lively pub in the bottom floor of the three-storey building, which also houses another bar and restaurant.

At Cay Side, a laid-back bar close to the water, you can read newspapers and magazines from a large wooden rack while wining, light dining or people-watching from the outdoor café.

Since Historic Properties opened seven years ago in what was a run-down part of town out of bounds to the public, it has become a hotspot that general

manager Greg Lomas says attracts a million visitors annually. They come, he says, to see history and, of course, the majestic *Bluenose II*, a replica of the famous racing schooner. On the wharf where the *Bluenose* picks up passengers for harbor tours, privateers lowered the gangplanks 150 years ago.

You can follow Harbour Walk past the ferry terminal to Chebucto Landing, where Halifax founder Colonel Edward Cornwallis is believed to have arrived in 1749. Elaborate plans to tart up the landing area by the Waterfront Development Corporation (WDC), a six-year-old provincial Crown corporation, flopped after a citizens' group called them "too pretty" and "a lot like Peggy's Cove redesigned by Walt Disney." Fred



Boardwalk to Historic Properties

Greene agreed. He runs Fisherman's Market on Chebucto Landing, a family-owned business since 1948. In its 121-year history, the building has served as a dry goods store for the British Garrison and a ferry terminal. But in the past five years, Greene's retail and wholesale fish shop has faced "a couple of black periods." The WDC wanted Greene to move because his building didn't fit its plans. Now it appears that he's won the five-year battle. Every afternoon at rush hour, Dartmouth-bound residents still pop in for fresh fish before catching the ferry home. On Saturdays, he's swamped. In the past 15 years, Greene has seen a new breed of fish consumer spawned: "The weight-watcher and cholesterol-

conscious want more fish," he says.

Near the market, in the airy, new Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, you'll find ship models, fishing boats—even Queen Victoria's barge, an elegant, 33.8-foot boat, lined with mahogany and trimmed with gold leaf. It was built 98 years ago to mark Victoria's 1887 Jubilee. Attached to the museum is the restored storefront of William Robertson and Son, which often attracts old-timers who think it's still a hardware store. With racks of sticky oilskin raincoats, high, wooden counters and hefty weighing scales, Robertson's doesn't look much different from when it was built in the 19th century. The store, ship chandlery, fishing supply shop and hardware business, closed less than a decade ago. It was part of a thriving commercial centre that included the building across the street occupied by West Indian merchants at the turn of the century. "It was like Burnside Industrial Park [in Dartmouth]," says Stephen Archibald, a museum curator.

Outside, explore the docked CSS *Acadia*, a pioneer hydrographic vessel that charted the Hudson Bay route, Quebec's North Shore, and Newfoundland's coastal waters when that province joined Canada in 1949. On the wharf, there's a leaning ticket booth—formerly a boat's cabin—where you can buy tickets to McNabs Island, an 1,100-acre park that's a 20-minute boat ride from the waterfront. Parks Canada-trained guides conduct island tours.

Before catching a ferry to Dartmouth—at 25 cents a trip, it's one of the best bargains in town—take a look at the tough, little tugs just south of the museum. Last winter, a couple of them corralled a massive, runaway oil rig in Halifax harbor.

Dartmouth's waterfront is different—less commercial, with more open, green space. It's a pleasant spot, much improved over only a few years ago, when it was a depressing shamble of greasy spoons and beat-up storefronts, empty and unpopular. The results of the \$40 million the WDC has spent on both sides of the harbor is especially noticeable in Dartmouth.

After leaving the terminal by Alderney Landing, where Dartmouth's first settlers arrived in 1750, follow the red-brick pathway through Ferry Terminal Park. Flowers and trees rim one side; the sea, the other. Farther along, the Royal Canadian Legion has planted 12 maple trees to represent the provinces and territories. As the pathway circles Alderney Drive to hilly Prince Street, look back over the harbor. From here, there's a spectacular view of ships, tugboats, weathered old buildings and modern office towers in downtown Halifax—and of the waterfront that's the heart and soul of the city.

—Roma Senn



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COVER STORY

Great things about Halifax

Yes, there are, too. Some big, some little. Here are a clutch of favorites. Now, get busy on your own list

Edmund Morris' "S": As broadcaster, MP, mayor of the city, provincial cabinet minister, the czar of sibilance has won an eternal place-s-s-s in our hearts-s-s-s. If you want us, just whistle.

John Neville's earring: Rakish symbol of artistic derring-do, an ornament of a theatrical buccaneer. We'll miss it when it's gone.



Pizzeria Tomaso: The best pizza in town (in the world, owner Thomas Prata says). His secret: "I tend my dough like a mother tends her babies."

The Public Gardens: Many people believe this Victorian-style park belongs to the citizens of Halifax. Wrong. It belongs to the ducks, a horde of scroungers who can hear a crust drop at 200 yards. If you're out of bread, they'll eat cake, popcorn or your lunch.

Camille's Fish and Chips: The outside's nondescript and the inside's pretty tacky, but Camille's offers the best seafood bargain in town: A big helping of fish and chips for \$1.50, a seafood platter for \$5.40.

Margaret Stanbury: If you were a duck frozen in a pond near Halifax, you'd be mighty glad that there's a Margaret Stanbury. She's also a good friend to dogs, cats and other creatures, and teaches kids to be kind, through (what else?) the Kindness Club of Nova Scotia.

Pat Doherty of Atlantic News: If all those magazines (more than 2,000 titles) and out-of-town newspapers don't cheer you up on a soggy Sunday, the amiable

proprietor surely will. He sells good licorice pipes, too.



Brandy: Staff dog at D.J.'s Tannery Shop. The sleekest, most sophisticated dog in town has his own built-in den in the store. Disapproves of drinking to excess, or loud and boisterous behavior.



Point Pleasant Park: After work, the joggers take over. The best time to walk through this seaside forest (186 acres) is in the early morning: Just you, your dog, the smell of pines and salt air and flocks of arrogant crows.

The Dingle: Properly known as Sir Sandford Fleming Park, it's to Point Pleasant Park what Simpsons is to Eatons. Facing its rival across the Northwest Arm, the Dingle's smaller but wilder.

The mounted police: Not the RCMP. Halifax's own mounted section—four constables and a sergeant, who patrol Point Pleasant Park and neighboring residential streets.

Reid Dexter: A weather forecaster for 41 years, he's been telling CBC radio lis-

teners what kind of day to expect since 1970. ACTRA, the performers' union, has accused him of (horrors) entertaining, and insists that he confine his comments to the weather. He's still entertaining, especially when the weather's interesting—i.e., bad.



The ladies at Fader's: Time doesn't really stand still at Fader's Pharmacy. It just moves a little slowly. Fader's is the last of the good, old-fashioned drugstores, with a lunch counter, a post office and clerks like Margaret Allen who *care* whether you're having a nice day.

The Midtown Tavern: It may be the only spot in town where you can find a longshoreman, a university student and a businessman at the same table. The Midtown's a landmark, like the Citadel.

The Armdale Rotary: Halifax drivers have been whining about the rotary for 27 years, but deep down, they're proud of it. It runs mostly on good will (there's no right-of-way) and handles 20,000 more cars a day than it's supposed to. Every trip is a grand adventure.

Foghorns: Before you even get up on a misty morning, the foghorn's wail tells you: It's a misty morning. Somebody's looking after the sailors. You haven't moved to Calgary. Hurray for foghorns.



Mama at Old Man Morias: Lunch at this family-owned restaurant is like going home (if your mama can cook). Pengaiota Migas, whose husband definitely can, is the warmest of hostesses. Regulars get hugs, kisses and special treats.

The Daily News: It's young, racy, gutsy, irreverent and fun. Everything, in short,

that the old, established dailies aren't.


Sir Walter Scott's cigarette: He's supposed to look poetic, but when some wag leaves a weed dangling in his bronze lips, he becomes Halifax's answer to the Marlboro Man

Spring Garden Road: Just try not to loiter here on a sunny noon hour. The temptations: Bud the Spud's red-and-white french-fry wagon, with its long lineup of customers. The library wall, where office workers perch like feasting sparrows. Live fiddle music outside the Lord Nelson. And blocks of fascinating shop windows.

Marg at the Lower Deck: She's waited on tables at the Privateers' Warehouse since

it opened, and she knows what the regulars want for lunch before they order. She's cheerful, efficient and from Cape Breton.

The horoscopes on CHFX: If you could forecast when they were going to get to your sign, you wouldn't have to sit by the radio all morning. This horoscope's worth it, though. Never leave home without it.

The Halifax Junior Bengal Lancers: The founder of this club got the idea for the ride, name and costumes (white helmets, red jackets and lances) from a Thirties movie. The Lancers still look spiffy, perform most Wednesdays this summer in their paddock on Bell Road. 

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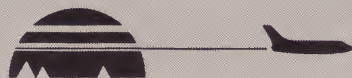
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COVER STORY

The not-so-old curiosity shops

You know where to find all the usual things. But what if you need an Oddfellows sash, an engraving of Queen Alexandra or a reconditioned piano?

I wanted a piano. And not just any old upright piano, either. I wanted a grand piano. Not that I play very well, but if I had it, I'd be bound to improve. And besides, it would look marvellous in the living room and be extremely handy if Horowitz or Cole Porter dropped by. Suddenly, there it was, my piano advertised one Saturday morning in the *Chronicle-Herald*. Dr. Piano was selling a fully reconditioned 100-year-old Bechstein. I hopped on my bike and pedalled furiously for the nethermost reaches of Barrington Street.

It was a real beauty. A muted black mahogany-finish whispered class. Best of all, just above the maker's name glinted the coat of arms of the Hohenzollerns, the Prussian royal family. I sat down and tried the bass notes: There was that old Bechstein growl which I remembered from the days of my piano lessons. I showed off with a few of my Famous Beginnings (my Endings are less familiar). I never sounded better.

The romance was quickening. Drs. Piano (there were two of them) showed me, with justified pride, how they had carefully rebuilt the innards. But the *moment critique* was approaching: "How much?" "Eleven." "Um, that's 11...?" "Thousand, but we might take a little less." For five full micro-seconds I contemplated selling the car, the bike and possibly my sister. I imagined stammering out an explanation to my bank manager. And suddenly it was over as quickly as it had begun. An apologetic smile, a fond farewell and a sad pedal home.

It was the blue ceremonial sash of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Oddfellows that caught my eye and dragged me off Sackville Street into Acadia Antiques. The embroidery was exquisite, but the raised crown and the three silver tassels really settled the matter. And when John Marshall, the shrewd old gentleman who owns the place, produced a photograph of a worthy turn-of-the-century burgher actually wearing the thing, I was hooked.

But wait a minute. What was this? A painting of the mighty German liner *Der Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse*, with a neatly typed explanation that it had been sunk by the British Navy on August 25, 1914, on the coast of Spanish Africa

while frantically recoaling. And a Robert Chambers cartoon from 1935 entitled "Bennett's Last Charge," and a carefully tinted dinner plate bearing the images of Ike and Mamie Eisenhower, and Coronation knick-knacks from 1937 and 1953, and a beautifully matched pair of framed engravings of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Hooked? I was sunk.

I found shipwreck artifacts, an artistic genre previously unknown to me. When divers bring up bits of glass, brass and nails from a sunken ship, these relics are carefully mounted on shellacked blocks of wood, each with a little brass plaque commemorating the S.S. *Atlantic* 1889, or the *Humboldt* 1853.

But the best artifact in Acadia Antiques is John Marshall. Settling back in his chair, he draws down the phone at a lady from Lower Sackville who is convinced she has a desk worth \$1,500, a violin and bow worth \$500 ("Want to buy one from me for \$10?" he asks her), and a Giant MacAskill coin bank, which, on gentle questioning, proves *not* to be mechanical. Apparently non-mechanical Giant MacAskill coin banks are a dime-a-dozen.

John Marshall tells me about some of his other treasures. He collects everything, although his wife drew the line at two skeletons which he bought from a Dalhousie medical professor. He is now acquiring old candymaking machinery and shows me one of the lead moulds used to make hard candy in



Drs. Piano in their Barrington St. store various shapes.

All things considered, I got off quite lightly: One blue Oddfellows sash with photograph, the matched Edward and Alexandra portraits, and a photograph of someone's Uncle Arthur on leave in Durban during the Boer War being hauled in a rickshaw by a fierce-looking African with a horned head-dress.

At Back Pages, a used-books store on Queen Street, the guy from the art college is doing card tricks. After this display, he asks Mike Norris, the owner of Back Pages, if he has any recent acquisition in the magic and tricks line. Mike tells him to look just above the humor section.

Meanwhile, I am rifling through the Nova Scotia section. Among Hugh MacLennan, Will R. Bird, Thomas Raddall, and Charles Bruce I find Vroom's *King's College: A Chronicle*

1789-1939. It is \$30, and I am sorely tempted, but I keep telling myself I could take it out of the library.

I'll say this for Mike: Narrow his taste in books is not. I'd heard of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, but *Jane's Freight Containers 1968-69*? You like Spiderman? He's got Spiderman and Superman and the *National Geographic*. A new visitor comes in. He is a middle-aged Scot who collects pirate books. Mike just happens to have a few pirate books between the military and explorer sections.

Off to the boys' adventure books and off to my boyhood. Mike doesn't have any *Boys' Own Annuals* or *Chums* in stock, but he does have Percy F. Westerman's *The Wireless Operator*, and Percy was a big number in *Boys' Own*.

But the real rush of memory came when I stumbled across Richard Halliburton's *The Royal Road to Romance*. Halliburton, the man who swam the Hellespont, the man who met the executioner of the Russian royal family. Halliburton made the Hardy Boys look like saps. I seize *The Royal Road to Romance* (shouldn't we all?).

But it is the mammoth, bound edition of *The London Illustrated News* for 1909 which proves to be the *pièce-de-résistance*. Acutally, it proves to be quite the contrary: My *résistance* completely crumbles and I plunge for it. We manhandle it into my backpack and I wobble off happily on my bike. It almost makes up for the Bechstein. — John Godfrey

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COVER STORY



The staff at Gabriel's: It's hard to miss

Halifax blossoms with good places to eat

They've made a difference in the transformation of a big small town to a big small city

The first Halifax restaurant I ever ate in was The Green Lantern. It was a perfect summer evening, we had just moved to Halifax from Cape Breton and my father took us out to celebrate our first day in our new home. By then, the restaurant was long past its heyday and had pretty much degenerated into a mélange of standard entrées (steak, pork chops, ham with pineapple slice) and hot chicken sandwiches on white bread, bombarded with chips and drowned in ersatz gravy. I had a hamburger and, to the big eyes and indiscriminating taste buds of a little girl, the place seemed fine.

I don't remember many other restaurants from my growing-up years, maybe because my family didn't eat out very much, maybe because the places just weren't very memorable. There was the Garden View on Spring Garden Road, with its vast, ugly wall paintings of the Public Gardens and its menus where east met west and lost, egg rolls crumbling before the onslaught of more hot chicken sandwiches. Kids hung out there, as long as they could, over Coke and chips, as they did at Edwards Fine Foods, near the Willow Tree on Quinpool Road. The Willow Tree isn't there anymore and neither is Edwards. Its premises are now the site of a gas station and its proprietor went on to become the first Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise operator in the city.

The last word in dining, in those days

of the mid-Sixties, was deemed to be the French Casino restaurant on Gottingen Street. For one thing, it was located over a bake shop and you had to go upstairs to get to it which gave it an air of mystery or, if not quite that, at least the sense of being a touch out of the ordinary. It had dim lights, live music and served frogs' legs. Some people also swore by the Hotel Central on Barrington Street, whose European sophistication was attested to by the fact that it had red and white checked tablecloths and candles on the tables.

Things began to get better as Halifax grew from a small, somewhat culturally constipated community into a brighter, pleasanter medium-sized city that began to consider itself a place with a future as well as a past. And much of the improvement came because of people who came from away. They'd had better, demanded it and, if they couldn't get it, sometimes created their own.

The Henry House blossomed elegantly in a historic house on Barrington Street. Fat Frank's, first in a little Argyle Street closet that served great borsch, then in ritzier quarters on Spring Garden Road. Old Man Morias, serving up Greek cuisine in another restored house. The News Room on Argyle, the Clipper Cay on the waterfront.

More than anything, though, the coming of age of Halifax as a dining out city has been signalled by the appearance

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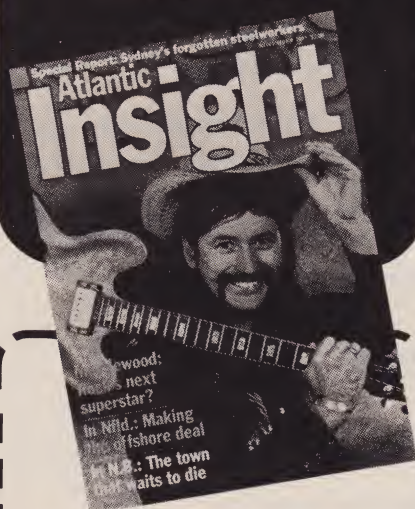
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COVER STORY

of Good Little Restaurants.

Good little restaurants have certain qualities in common, regardless of where they are. If they don't have owner-chefs they at least have owners whose relationship to their chefs amounts to something more than checking on cost and portion controls. They occupy small spaces without giving the sense of being cramped. You meet people you know there or see people you think you might like to know. The service is friendly, if not universally expert. If they have piped-in music, it's likely to be classical and is practically never a deterrent to digestion. They lean toward lighter meals, often with meatless entrées but, be warned, also with selections of wicked desserts—cakes, tarts, tortes and trifles to undermine the strongest will. They're often unlicensed, or licensed only for beer and wine. They almost always have great soups—broccoli, beet, cabbage and chowders never turned into tasteless sludge by adding thickening ingredients.

Sanford's Second Storey on Hollis Street teeters on the edge of being just slightly too spacious for the definition, but it has the right spirit and the right food. Its delectably seasoned vegetarian dishes are consistently good. Its vegetable pâté and eggplant parmigiana are two that I'm in love with.

Christopher's, not so far away on Barrington Street, across from the Grand Parade, almost teeters on the other edge, a tiny place where, if you don't feel

cramped you do feel, well, cosy. I love its sandwiches: Fillings of homemade peanut butter, sprouts, avocado, asparagus, cream cheese on luscious, stomach-and-soul-filling whole wheat bread. At the back of the restaurant, you can buy loaves of it to take home.

Farther south on Barrington there's Gabriel's. If you're approaching it from the north, its bright, mural-type sign, taking up a portion of one outside wall, makes it hard for you to miss. Gabriel's, set in a seedy but recovering Halifax neighborhood, has excellent vegetable quiche, light, fresh salads, imaginative crêpes and a selection of native Acadian dishes which includes the redoubtable rapeé pie.

Agricola Street in the city's north end isn't seedy but recovering. It's seedy and unrepentant. It's also where you'll find Zia Maria's and Zia Maria's is worth finding: A combination take-out pizzeria and good little Italian restaurant with great bread and pasta and, still a rarity in Halifax, good veal dishes.

Of course, nothing's perfect. At least, not yet. A look at the menus of most good little restaurants sometimes convinces me that we're all in grave danger of over-quiche. But the nice thing is that you can get an argument like that going in Halifax now. Or a tart reminder that another place has the ones you go to beaten hollow. Which is all a reassuring distance from the hot chicken you-know-whats.

— Marilyn MacDonald

When the evening sun goes down...

*...you'll find everything from hard rock to
Dixieland in Halifax's downtown bars*

In the Sixties, Halifax was still very much a tavern town, and cocktail bars were few and far between. Today, you can barely walk a block downtown without passing several nightspots—some of them singles bars, where women can feel comfortable going without an escort, and where patrons can mingle at standup bars.

Drinking establishments in Halifax fall into three general categories: Lounges, usually open till 2 a.m.; taverns and beverage rooms, open until 11:30 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. weekends; and cabarets, open until 3 a.m. Here's a sampling of the many nightspots available.

The Lord Nelson Beverage Room (LBR) on Spring Garden Road opened up one room for women about 10 years ago. Men were permitted in only if accompanied by a woman. That rule no longer applies, but the room which features live bands playing Irish and folk music is still called the Ladies Beverage

Room. The tavern side of the LBR seats 200 and the "ladies'" area, another 225. Food such as chili, beef stew and seafood chowder is available six nights a week, from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m. Every Tuesday is ladies' night—no cover charge for women—and Wednesday is men's night. From Thursday on, there's a charge of \$2.50 per head. The tavern portion attracts an older crowd than the college kids who flock to the Ladies Beverage Room to tap their feet and tip glasses of cold draught to the sounds of groups such as McGinty and Miller's Jug.

Down the street and around the corner is The Network Lounge on Dresden Row. Upstairs from an Italian restaurant, Network is open to 2 a.m., six nights a week. Maritime rock bands perform here. There are no dress regulations, and the clientele is a mixture of university students and working types, most of them probably under 30. Women get in free; men pay a \$1 cover charge. You can buy cold plates, sandwiches and

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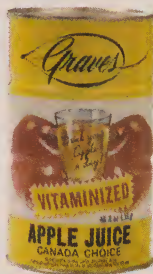
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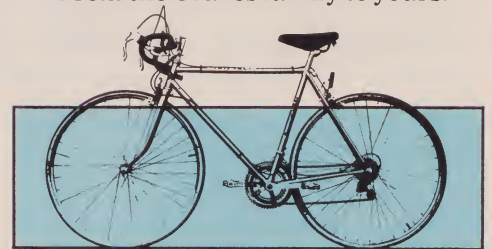
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DAVID NICHOLS

One good, little restaurant

Café Quelque Chose on Hollis Street is proof of what today's smaller, quality restaurants in Halifax can be

By Pam Lutz

Michael Schneiderman and John Hurlbert had talked about opening a restaurant for years. Then, on a spring day in 1980, they met for coffee at a friend's café in downtown Halifax. "We jokingly mentioned that we'd like to buy his restaurant," Hurlbert says. "We did, and we didn't even get a free coffee." Today, Schneiderman, 31, and Hurlbert, 32, are co-owners of Café Quelque Chose, a 30-seat unlicensed café which, despite its French name, serves simple fare—good, home-made soups, salads, quiches and desserts.

Before they took over the restaurant, both the owner-chefs liked to cook, although neither had formal training. Schneiderman, a Glace Bay native, got a fine arts degree and worked in Montreal as a window-dresser and in Toronto as a waiter and assistant manager of a restaurant. Hurlbert worked in restaurants in his home town of Amherst, N.S., from the time he was 16. After obtaining a diploma in hotel management at a Toronto school, he worked for a group of architects and waited on tables in Toronto. Then he moved back to Nova Scotia and eventually managed a small hotel in Dartmouth.

Now that Schneiderman and Hurlbert work for themselves, they divide responsibilities. Schneiderman makes the desserts and Hurlbert prepares the main courses. They alternate evening shifts and share the bookkeeping. Although they have three part-time staff, Schneiderman says it's not unusual to work "70 or 80 hours a week." He bakes bread every day and plans desserts a day in advance. "We're the people who wash the floor, do the dishes and make the food," he says. Hurlbert says you don't run a restaurant, "you marry it."

About 80% of their customers are female—perhaps, Hurlbert suggests, because women are "more conscious of what they eat, nutritionally"—and they don't hesitate to tell him if a dish isn't as good as it was last week. The café is warm and cosy, with red walls, white tables, pink placemats and a green floor with a spit-and-polish shine. Strains of Mozart waft above the kitchen smells. With no immediate plans for expansion, Schneiderman and Hurlbert work under the assumption that "small is friendly."

Argyle Street: Everything from taverns to singles bars

subs. Velour-cushioned seats in black, white and gold hug the walls; the ceiling is low; the music is loud and the waiters are friendly.

If you prefer less music and more conversation, try the Seahorse on Argyle Street. Wedged between an Indian food restaurant and a sports shop, the Seahorse is the oldest tavern in the province, born in September, 1948. In the basement hideaway, which seats 150, you'll find old salts, businessmen, students and the Neptune Theatre crowd. The low ceiling is stippled in a plum shade, the carpet has a well-worn red pattern, and scattered among the tables and chairs are seven church pews from St. Patrick's Cathedral in Montreal. The Seahorse serves regular fare such as hamburgers and fries, has no live entertainment and no cover charge. A longtime sponsor of rugby and baseball teams, co-owner Kevin Keefe attributes the tavern's long life to its location "and the fact that it was the first." The Seahorse even has a regular contingent of priests who stop by for tomato juice.

From the Seahorse, take a swing east toward the harbor to Sam's Grill on Hollis Street, which features a Fifties decor and recorded music from the same era. One wall is covered with a print of a '57 Chevy, surrounded by the staff; another carries posters of Bill Lynch Shows and ads for Coca-cola and old movies. Waiters in bright orange, mechanics' jumpsuits serve beer and wine. Food is served until 9 p.m., six nights a week. Nighttime customers are mostly in the mid-20s age group.

For a quiet drink in relaxed surroundings, head for Teddy's, a piano bar on the lower level of the Delta Barrington Inn. Open until 1 a.m., six days a week, Teddy's attracts the local business crowd and hotel guests, mostly in the over-30 age range. Complimentary hors d'oeuvres, including scallops, crab balls and shrimp, are served in the late after-

noon. Teddy's has a laid-back atmosphere, comfortable chairs and a decor that includes English hunting prints. The female bartender boasts the best piña coladas and fruit daiquiris in town.

The Peddler's Pub, a few doors down from Teddy's, features local rock bands, which change weekly. Cold draught is 95 cents, and you can get a bowl of hot chili until 7:30 p.m., six nights a week. The pub seats about 120, but it's not uncommon to stand shoulder-to-shoulder on a weekend. Saturday afternoon jam sessions of Dixieland music are popular. With walls sporting prints of the Halifax waterfront at the turn of the century, Peddler's looks out on a cobblestoned walkway surrounded by restored buildings.

Edward and Julie's, on the top floor of the Chateau Halifax (named for Edward Duke of Kent and his mistress), is open until 1 a.m., Monday through Saturday. Maroon chairs and tables for two overlook the harbor. Folksingers provide live music; the atmosphere is unhurried and the lighting subdued. The menu includes fondues, quiche, crêpes and chicken. Patrons don't usually arrive in jeans.

What the Misty Moon Cabaret lacks in decor, it makes up for in the calibre of its performers. Sandwiched among industrial buildings in north-end Halifax, the Moon, now 12 years old, is the largest show bar in Atlantic Canada, seating 700. It's open until 3 a.m., seven nights a week. Roast beef, steaks and burgers are served until about 2:30 a.m. Acts at the Moon have included Three Dog Night, Valdy and The Minglewood Band. A cover charge of \$2 to \$4 early in the week climbs to \$5 to \$6 toward the weekend, depending on the band. With the largest dance floor in town, the Moon often has lineups at the door at midnight. The average age of the regulars is probably in the mid-20s. — Pam Lutz



Schneiderman (left) and Hurlbert: "Small is friendly"

Chocolate Mousse

- 1 pkg. chocolate chips
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 8 eggs, separated
- $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups whipping cream

In a double boiler, melt the chocolate and chocolate chips with a few drops of hot coffee. Beat egg whites until stiff and gradually add the cup of sugar. In a separate bowl, whip the cream. Pour the melted chocolate into another bowl and beat, then add the egg yolks two at a time. Beat in half the egg whites until mixture is a rich chocolate color. Gently fold in the remainder of the egg whites and the whipped cream. Refrigerate several hours until set. Serves 8-10.

Profiteroles

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plus 2 tbsp. milk and water mixed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted, all-purpose flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 litre whipped cream or vanilla ice-cream
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups icing sugar
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ tbsp. cocoa
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ tbsp. rum
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ - $2\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. warm water

Bring butter, milk and water to boil in a small saucepan. Remove from heat and add flour, stirring briskly until it forms a ball. Gradually beat in eggs until mixture is a smooth, shiny paste. Spoon in tbsp. mounds onto greased baking sheet. Bake at 425° F. for 10 minutes.

Reduce oven to 375° F. for 15-20 minutes or until buns are golden brown. Split sides of buns to let steam escape. Cool on a wire rack. Fill with whipped cream or ice-cream. Sift icing sugar and cocoa into a bowl. Stir in rum and enough water to make a thick glaze, and spoon glaze over buns. Makes approx. 20.

Crème Caramel

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- pinch of salt
- 2 cups milk, scalded
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla

Heat half the sugar in saucepan until completely melted, stirring constantly to a light caramel color. Pour into 4 small ramekins so mixture covers the bottom of each. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt. Next add the milk and vanilla. Pour this into ramekins over caramel sugar. Put ramekins into another pan of hot water and bake for 40 minutes in pre-heated 350° F. oven. Chill thoroughly before unmoulding. Serves 4.

Asparagus Salad

- 2 lbs. cooked fresh asparagus
 - 1 pint fresh, large mushrooms
 - 1 large sweet, red pepper
 - 1 med. bunch celery
 - 1 cup sour cream
 - 2 tbsp. cream
 - 3 tbsp. home-made or prepared mustard
- Remove white end from asparagus. Clean and halve mushrooms and coarsely chop red pepper. Slice celery into long slivers. Arrange vegetables on a bed of

lettuce. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over salad. Decorate with parsley and chill for 30 minutes. Can be used as a starter or as a light main course. Serves 4-6.

Chicken Marengo

- 2 frying chickens, quartered
- 1 onion, thinly sliced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- parsley
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 2 cups tomatoes
- salt and pepper
- 20 small onions
- 1 lb. mushrooms
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- juice of 1 lemon
- 1 cup pitted black olives
- 1 oz. cognac

Sauté onion in olive oil until delicately colored, then remove and set aside. Brown chicken on all sides, then add wine, garlic, thyme, bay leaf, parsley, chicken stock, tomatoes and salt and pepper. Cover and let simmer for 1 hour until meat is tender. Transfer chicken to a serving platter. Strain sauce and reduce it for 5 minutes. Sauté onions and mushrooms in butter and lemon juice. Add olives just to heat through and sprinkle over chicken. To the sauce add the cognac, sliced onion and pour over platter. Garnish with chopped parsley and serve with rice. Serves 8.



"Scotia's darling seat": The glory of Edinburgh

A handbook describes it as a place "of ghosts and goblins, horrors and hauntings." How better to see it, then, than when it's being lashed by the furies of midwinter weather? Plan now. It's worth it

By Harry Bruce

Edinburgh at Hogmanay—that's New Year's to all you Sassenachs—is as black and cold as a witch's armpit. She's as far north as Nain, Labrador, and the sun doesn't get up till nine. Then it skirts the southern horizon till 3:30 p.m. and plops out of sight. Most days, the sky is such a wet blanket you never see the sun anyway. Rain beats the dour town. Or snow. Or rain and snow form a partnership of punishment. The snow is gritty, like a lash on your face. Buses flounder on the icy streets like hamstrung elephants. Water pipes burst, hotel-room curtains freeze to the windows, newspapers blare such disastrous weather news you feel you're under siege—and I wish I were back there again. Edinburgh in January is better than April in Paris, or autumn in New York, maybe even July in Atlantic Canada.

Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the horde of famous men this monumentally bleak town has spawned, said Edinburgh "pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a

Scowling, precipitous, and unmistakably a northern city



Edinburgh Castle: "A fabulously theatrical pile of stone"

downright meteorological purgatory in the spring." While dying in sunny Samoa, Stevenson still wrote lovingly of this "scowling" and "precipitous" city. To understand why, it's good to be there when she's buttoned up her cape against the awful weather that rings out the old year and rings in the new.

I've been to Edinburgh twice, both times in winter. On the second trip, my wife was with me. Our flight dropped us at Prestwick at 6:30 a.m., Dec. 28. Exhausted and shivering, we endured a drearish bus ride to Edinburgh. Would dawn never come? Would we ever get to a warm hotel? I kept wondering, *What'll she think of her first sight of Edinburgh Castle?* It wasn't till nine that our bus swam into the tide of rush-hour traffic on Princes Street. The morning light was still feeble but the Yuletide glitter of shop windows provided a backdrop for a huge, cheerful war of umbrellas. Armies of pedestrians struggled through swirling snow and rain to jobs and post-Christmas sales. All down the broad boulevard, gigantic cut-outs of the three wise men—each trio different, each designed by a Scottish schoolchild, each a joyful assertion of bold color, glowing in the gloom—dangled above the traffic.

To our right, railroad tracks sliced through the wintry gully of Princes Street Gardens, and beyond that the long hulk of the Old Town rose against the blank sky. Only two Christmas ornaments twinkled along the whole length of the Old Town's black, spectacular profile. One was a great star. The other, which stood before the General Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, was one of the towering pines that Norway has been sending to Edinburgh every Christmas since the Second World War. The star was an elegant sculpture of white lights. The lights on the tree were all white, too, and they seemed a beautifully restrained triumph over darkness. The peak of the Old Town profile was simply the cold, floodlit glory of Edinburgh Castle.

It's a fabulously theatrical pile of stone atop the core of a dead volcano. The custodian of dark and haphazard history, it sits impregnably astride cliffs shaped by ice age glaciers. It frowns forever on Edinburgh, dominates her, declares her pride. Now, those sheer old walls and icy battlements loomed in whistling wreaths of weather, and seemed to say, *This, visitors, is a northern city.* "What do you think?" I asked. "I'll tell you later," my wife said. "I can't keep my eyes off it."

We later savored both the eeriness and cosiness of the city Robert Burns called "Edina! Scotia's darling seat." (It was the Scots, incidentally, who gave "eerie" and "cosy" to the English language.) If the castle is eerie in summer, it is twice as eerie in winter. If the pubs are cosy in August, they are three times as cosy in January. Ah, the pubs. I remember Edinburgh not as a pub-crawl but, thanks to the weather, as a pub dash. From the Ensign Ewart, a soldiers'

pub, to Jinglin' Geordie's, a journalists' pub. From Bennet's Bar, sometimes an actors' pub, to Burlington Bertie's, just a little pub. One evening we nipped into The Café Royal, a magnificent Victorian pub, and downed a pint each; then nipped next door to the Guildford Arms, a fine big pub with a fine mixed crowd, and downed another pint each; then nipped round the corner to The Penny Black, a postal workers' hangout, for more of the same. Well, it was cold that night.

We drank "real ale"—that's unfiltered, unpasteurized beer that undergoes its secondary fermentation in the cask and suffers no taint of CO₂ pressure—and it was invariably warm and delicious. Why else would we drink so much? Trotting through the freezing streets gave us the conscience-salving feeling that we were burning off calories, but sometimes the beer swished around in my belly like bilgewater in a pitching dory. Then I'd switch to single-malt whisky, ambrosia of the Scottish nation.

Glasgow people, we'd been told, regard Edinburgh as stuffy, close-fisted and tight-arsed, but we didn't find that at all. Just as storms seal friendships on a

***"If the castle is eerie
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vessel, winter made Edinburgh warm in a rare way, and faintly conspiratorial. We seemed to share a happy secret with shopkeepers, hall porters, waitresses, ushers, taxi-drivers, barmaids, librarians and those who, like us, were just shoppers, beer-swillers, theatre-goers, ballet-watchers, denizens of galleries and museums, and gawkers in the cold night. We were strangers, sure, but we were strangers when Edinburgh had time for strangers. Even the dogs, who lay beside their guzzling masters in pubs, cast fond eyes upon us. "It's funny," my wife said, "but I've never felt so much at home anywhere outside Canada." (Her mother was born in Scotland but left as an infant and never returned.)

Throughout the United Kingdom, Yuletide jollification continues non-stop for almost a month. The Scots used to enjoy a modest Christmas but a smashing, big New Year's; the English used to enjoy a modest New Year's but a smashing, big Christmas. Each culture, however, borrowed what was most extravagant in the other's Yuletide season. The result, a Scrooge-like Scottish columnist complained, is that "companies cannot satisfy their staff unless the week before

Christmas is regarded as a legitimate holiday and also the week after, and unless at least a couple of days are added to New Year's Day, and in some cases a week or more." 'Tis the *long* season to be jolly. It may be murder on Britain's economy but, in Edinburgh anyway, it makes for full pubs, full theatres, singing, storytelling, and uncommon gentleness toward anyone who's come a long way just to be there.

We stayed at the George Hotel, where the lobby offered a parade of elderly dowagers, local businessmen, young women who'd come from all over Europe to play indoor field-hockey, and young men in swirling kilts, bound for post-Christmas balls. One night, we saw our breakfast headwaiter in the audience at the Scottish Ballet's shimmering production of *The Nutcracker*. It turned out he had a tiny daughter in the cast and, from then on, our breakfasts at the George came with inside reports on the previous night's triumphs and blunders at The Playhouse. Such conversations give you the delicious illusion that you are a participant in the life of the city rather than a rubber-necker from away.

The George is in the New Town, much of which hasn't been new since Napoleon was a kid. The New Town was built because by the mid-1700s, the Old Town was hellish. It was a jumble of shadowy alleys and dripping tenements in which 50,000 people lived among marauding rats and their own filth. The town at the castle's feet was a cesspool of crime, a hotbed of disease, a stone legacy of lurking horror and bloody history that stretched back for centuries. So Edinburgh built the New Town. It would be as green, orderly and airy as the other place was dark, chaotic and cramped. It would be a masterpiece of town planning in the Age of Reason. It is still a tribute to the zeal of its promoter, Lord Provost George Drummond, the vision of its designer, James Craig, and the genius not only of Robert Adam but of other long-gone architects as well.

But it's the Old Town that reeks of a darker history and, on our first night, we pulled on sweaters under our raincoats, walked across Waverley Bridge in icy drizzle, climbed a bending, narrow staircase—the kind on which one should carry a sword-cane to fend off footpads—and found ourselves, wet and breathless, on the Royal Mile. We recovered over pints of Belhaven, a tasty local brew, in a pub that was far more cheery than the story behind its name: "Deacon Brodie's." Brodie, a churchman, city councillor and furniture-maker by day, was a catburglar by night. The law got him in 1788, and 40,000 people watched him die on the gallows he'd built himself. Folklore has it that his moaning ghost still lingers in the neighborhood but, whether that's true or not, Robert Louis Stevenson gave him immortality of a sort in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

The Royal Mile links the castle at the top to the royal palace of Holyrood-



In terms of weather, the city "pays cruelly for her high seat"

house at the bottom. The castle's story goes back more than 900 years, the palace's more than 800, and surely the Royal Mile boasts more storied pubs, spooky footpaths, significant churches and history-drenched houses than any other mile in the world. In summer—when daylight lasts so long in Scotland that golfers sometimes play till 11 p.m.—the Royal Mile is a Scottish bazaar. Tourists swarm through the shops, eateries and small, intriguing museums; and Deacon Brodie's ghost, like a mouse in a noisy house, is unlikely to make an appearance.

Speaking of ghosts, I wandered into an alley off the Royal Mile and, to escape the cold, ducked into a thin elegant house. It had been new six years after Shakespeare's death in 1616. Now, it was a museum about three Scottish literary giants: Stevenson, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott. I was alone in there, and I climbed a skinny stone stairway. The steps were different heights so throat-cutters might stumble on their way up to the bedroom and thereby betray themselves. While examining some china that Burns had given to a girlfriend two centuries ago, I heard movement on the stairs. I peeked down through the doorway, and saw a young guy washing the steps with a mop. Since I didn't want to startle him, I only murmured my greeting: "Good morning." He screamed, dropped the mop, clutched his heart. I apologized. He apologized. Then, still shaken, he said with a broad Scottish accent, "But you understand, sir, there are enough ghosts in here as it is."

That would not have happened in

summer. To savor the macabre in the Old Town's history, go there in the season of the long nights, when the wind whips shawls of snow up the black alleys, and you swear you can hear the clip-clop of hoofs, the echo of soldiers' boots, the screams of rioters and the condemned.

Even without *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Edinburgh is ripe territory for writers who seek inspiration for horror movies and gory costume dramas. In the castle, an imprisoned nobleman got his guards drunk, roasted them in their armor over a fire, then escaped. In Holyroodhouse, enemies of David Rizzio, pet secretary of Mary Queen of Scots, burst upon them while they were dining, dragged the screeching Italian to an antechamber, stabbed him 56 times. A metal tablet marks the spot where, 416 years ago, Rizzio fell. Then there's the charming story of Lord Drumlanrig. In 1707, while his father was out gathering signatures for the Treaty of Union between Scotland and England, Drumlanrig, a madman, killed and roasted a kitchen boy. When dad returned, there was Drumlanrig, eating the urchin.

Major Thomas Weir was the Deacon Brodie of sexual perversion. The captain of the town guard and a respected preacher, he was so rash as to confess in 1670 that he'd long been fornicating with his sister. Both were burned at the stake. Hundreds of women, accused of witchcraft, met the same fate at Castle Hill. It was dangerous to be an old woman who muttered to herself. It was also dangerous to be either a pauper or a prostitute during the 1820s. William Burke and William Hare, who kept a lodging house

in Grassmarket at the foot of the castle, supplemented their income by strangling such unfortunates and selling their bodies to Edinburgh University for dissection. (Watching surgeons cut up corpses, incidentally, was a fashionable pastime.) Hare rattled on Burke, thereby saving his own skin. Burke went to the Grassmarket gallows and ended up on the dissection table himself. He drew a large crowd, you may be sure, and the university still has his skeleton. The execution occurred on Christmas Eve, 1829. It's a pretty Yuletide story, and on howling winter nights, Grassmarket still has a sinister charm.

Harpers Handbook to Edinburgh (1981) describes the city as a place "of ghosts and goblins, horrors and hauntings.... There are tales of phantom squadrons of soldiers, a sword-wielding White Lady, a death coach drawn by headless horses, an evil major who rises from the grave [that's Weir, doubtless looking for his sister], and a 'Street of Sorrow,' where the spirits of plague victims roam in anguish." At Hogmanay, the legends of Edinburgh make Father Time, with his scythe, look like a pussycat.

In so forbidding an atmosphere, the spirit of Hogmanay seems specially brave. "Hogmanay," F.M. McNeill wrote in *The Silver Bough*, "is essentially a festival of renewal—a renewal of hopes unfulfilled and of friendships dulled in the year that has gone but, above all, a renewal of faith in humanity that not all its crimes and follies can extirpate...."

"Princes Street, in Edinburgh, is as thronged at midnight on Hogmanay as at noon on any weekday. Between eleven and twelve, people make their way to the Tron Kirk [on the Royal Mile], and while the watch-night service goes on within, without, a lively swaying crowd awaits the clamour of bells, sirens and hooters that signifies the birth of the New Year.... Hip-bottles are freely proffered. As the hands of the clock approach the rubicon, a hush falls on the waiting throng; the atmosphere grows tense; then suddenly a roar rises from a myriad throats; the bells peel forth; the sirens scream: The New Year is born!"

But we missed all that. We went north for a Hogmanay weekend on the country estate of a Scottish lord and lady. I'd heard that the Hogmanay celebrations in old Edinburgh weren't what they used to be anyway. "I guess the Hogmanay celebrations aren't what they used to be, eh?" I asked a mild-mannered beer-puller, after we got back in town. We were at the Royal Archer, just down the Royal Mile from Tron Kirk.

"Perhaps you're right, sir," he said, "but we had a fair turnout, just the same."

"How many?"

"Well, there was more than 3,500," he said, "and you know, sir, it was blowin' a frightful gale." ☒

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GARDEN IN THE SEA

2 7 oz (198 g) cans Bye the Sea Solid White Tuna, chopped	¼ tsp. (1.2 mL) nutmeg
¼ cup (62.5 mL) butter	½ cup (125 mL) white wine
¼ lb. (113.4 g) sliced mushrooms	½ cup (125 mL) gruyere cheese, shredded
¼ cup (62.5 mL) diced onions	1 11 oz. (311.8 g) package frozen mixed vegetables
¼ cup (62.5 mL) flour	2 lbs. (908 g) potatoes, cooked and mashed
1 cup (250 mL) light cream	1 egg yolk
¼ tsp. (1.2 mL) salt and pepper ea.	2 tbs. (30 mL) melted butter
	Grated parmesan

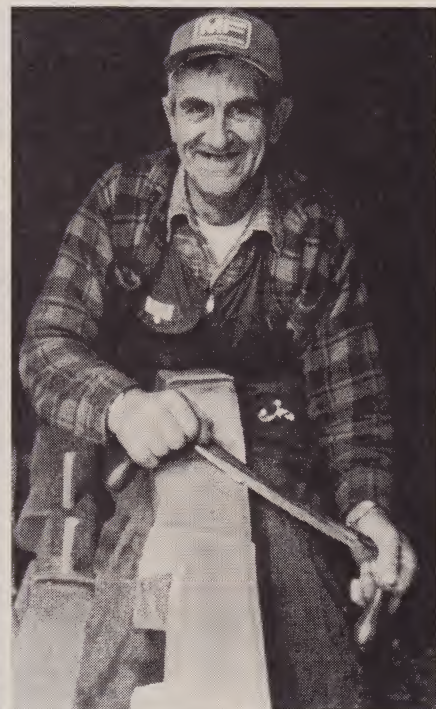
Sauté mushrooms and onion in butter. Stir in flour. Gradually stir in cream, salt, pepper, nutmeg. Reduce heat and stir till thickened. Stir in cheese, until melted. Add wine, Tuna and mixed vegetables. Bring to a boil, stirring, reduce heat and cook 3-4 minutes. Pour into coquille shells. Add egg yolk to hot mashed potatoes, and pipe around the edge of coquille shell. Brown under broiler, 5-6 inches from heat, until golden brown.



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DAVID NICHOLS

Gordon Lohnes, with oxen and in workshop: Master of a vanishing skill

The roar of the teamster's still fun for the crowd

In Atlantic Canada, Nova Scotia is the home of the ox pull, a sport that started over a century ago and still packs people in

By Blain Henshaw

Over the crowded fairground, the sounds cut through the heaviness of the midsummer air. The underlying base-note is the ox bell, a steady, rather dull metallic tinkle. The percussion is the crackling of whips. But the most unusual sound, the one the crowd has come to hear, is a kind of yodel, a rhythmic piercing falsetto. Combined with bellowed commands of incredible volume ("Haaw Lion!") they're part of the skill of the ox teamster, a skill which can guide these huge, magnificent animals to almost unbelievable displays of strength.

In Nova Scotia, the home of the sport is Lunenburg County, where ox pulls started over 100 years ago. In a typical pull, each competing team of oxen takes its turn hauling as much weight as possible on a flat, barge-like "stone drag" which, in itself, weighs 1,000 pounds. Wooden boxes filled with stones or cement, weighing 100 or 200 pounds each are loaded onto the drag.

The team has three chances to haul the load a total distance of three feet. Then, more weight is added until the team can no longer haul the load three

feet in three attempts. Occasionally, teams of identical weight will haul identical loads. Then, distance—plus a "percentage" system which divides the weight of the load by that of the team—determines which pull was best.

Beasts of burden since biblical times, oxen are bulls that have been neutered, leaving them docile and extremely strong. A good team, weighing, perhaps, 3,000 pounds, can haul between two and three times its own weight. An exceptional team might haul four times its weight. But powerful as they are, the ox teams are no better than the skill of their teamsters allow.

Rugged, hearty and well tanned by the wind and weather, the ox teamsters have been called the cowboys of the east. They're men like Darrel Watkins, 41, from Wellington in Yarmouth County, who started driving oxen when he was six years old and who, some people claim, is the best driver in the province and perhaps in the world.

Teamsters admire Watkins for his instinctive ability to recognize that crucial point when his oxen can pull no more. There is an understanding among ox men that a good teamster never pushes

his team beyond their limit and Darrel Watkins has learned it well. So well that over the past 15 years, the boyish-looking, curly haired beef-and-dairy farmer has won enough trophies, cups and awards to fill a small ox cart. In the basement of his modern farm home in Yarmouth County, Watkins has more than 100 pieces of hardware, most of them from the two biggest, most popular and most competitive ox pulls in the province. He is a five-time winner of the annual World Championship Ox Pull at the Yarmouth County exhibition; seven times has been a member of the Canadian contingent at the Oland's International Ox Pull in Bridgewater and four times winner of the international pull's return match in the state of Maine.

Like most teamsters, Watkins was born and raised in western Nova Scotia, where keeping oxen is an old, respected tradition. Many farmers still use oxen to till soil, haul hay and work in the woods. You'll find them in small, rural communities like Upper Northfield, Lunenburg County; that's where men like 53-year-old Gordon Lohnes still prefer oxen to horses or tractors. Lohnes is an outstanding teamster, but he's also a master of the vanishing skills of blacksmithing and making yokes for oxen. He has made yokes for more than 30 years and he says his craft is like that of a tailor or cobbler: Fit is all-important. "If the yoke don't fit, the ox can't wear it; it'll hurt his head and he can't pull right."

Lohnes carves each yoke by hand from hardwood, fitting it snugly but comfortably over each ox's neck, just behind the horns. A system of leather straps keeps it tightly in place, while the

yoke itself harnesses the oxen together as a team. In half a day, Lohnes can turn a five-foot length of yellow birch into a strong, attractive piece of craftsmanship that fits a team of oxen like a pair of gloves.

He's also introduced hundreds of teams of Lunenburg County oxen to their first sets of shoes. At Watford, not far from his home, he works in a dusty old blacksmith's shop that has been part of the rural Lunenburg County landscape for more than 60 years. The old shop has reliable, old equipment and that's the way Gordon Lohnes likes it; he's a man who still prefers to do things the old way, with pride and craftsmanship.

An ox "shoeing" still attracts people in this part of Lunenburg County. On a Saturday morning late in the spring, you'll find two or three young boys, a half-dozen old men, a handful of teamsters. They come for many reasons: There's the possibility of some excitement if an unruly or young team is being shod for the first time. A few come because they savor the musky smell of the oxen, which seems to blend with the atmosphere of the old shop; others are there because they know a pint of rum is sometimes passed around and there is a certain manliness about drinking it straight from the bottle while debating the finer points of oxen or ox pulls. But, mostly, they've come to see and admire a master craftsman at work.

The shoeing takes about three hours, during which each ox has its hoofs trimmed, then fitted with pear-shaped, cleated shoes. The shoes (eight for each ox, because cattle are cloven footed) are nailed to each hoof and when the job is finished, the work is as neat and tidy as if it had been done by a manicurist. Then the oxen are walked and checked for signs of lameness, imbalance or discomfort that might interfere with their natural gait. The process is complete only after Lohnes has given his word or nod of approval.

With well-fitted shoes, a good yoke and an experienced teamster to drive them, a team of oxen is well equipped for the hardest work on the farm or the toughest competition in the pulling ring. The rest depends on the skill of the teamster and the strength of the team.

Well-trained oxen respond to an odd combination of verbal and hand cues that only teamsters and oxen seem able to *really* understand. The two most common names for a team or "yoke" of oxen are "Bright" and "Lion," with "Spark" and "Diamond" a distant second. Otherwise the variety of names is very limited.

Most teamsters, especially in Lunenburg County, take a lot of pride in the appearance of their oxen and, with their families, spend hours preparing the teams for a parade or pull, grooming the oxen until they glisten and polishing the big brass bells and dozens of brass and silver studs that decorate the

leather straps.

The biggest and best display of oxen and ox pulls takes place each summer (this year July 27-August 1) at the South Shore Exhibition in Bridgewater, Lunenburg County. The exhibition has over 100 teams and is the birthplace and home of the *grand prix* of ox pulls, "The International."

In 1967, the sport became more than a local amusement when a Halifax brewery, Oland's, sponsored and promoted the first "international" ox pull. Teamsters from New England were invited to compete against the local teamsters. At first, the locals drubbed the Americans so mercilessly it was embarrassing. But a rule change in the early

Seventies which required each team to haul the same weight—usually 6,000-8,000 pounds—as far as possible in a five-minute time limit helped balance the odds.

Now the biggest single attraction at the South Shore Exhibition, the International Ox Pull draws as many as 13,000 people each year. They come to hear the chime of the ox bells and the crack of the whips and to see the big teams haul the big loads. But it's the way the teamsters roar "Haaw Lion!" that really excites them and that makes an ox pull an event to thrill the imagination even of those who have no memory of a time when animals, with people, worked the land.



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Ahoy's a big success. It's also in trouble

Kids love this Halifax-based magazine, maybe because kids help produce it. Trouble is, popularity doesn't pay the bills

When Holly Book, editor of *Ahoy* magazine, has trouble deciding which articles to publish, she sometimes calls on an adviser such as 10-year-old Abby Anderson of Dartmouth, N.S. Abby reads the stories over and rates them in order of preference, paying special attention to plot and vocabulary. "The big words in this one," she might tell Book, "would be difficult for a six-year-old." She decides that the one she likes best "would probably appeal to all ages."

The fact that kids participate in *Ahoy*, a Halifax-based magazine for six- to 12-year-olds, may be one reason they like it so much. Besides seeking kids' advice, the magazine publishes readers' poems, riddles, drawings and a regular cartoon—"You're #1, Nuisance!"—by 15-year-old Mel Wilson of Goose River, P.E.I. "The kids are impressed by that," Book says.

About 4,000 kids—roughly half of them outside the Atlantic region—subscribe to *Ahoy*, a quarterly started five years ago by the Junior League of Halifax, a women's volunteer organization. Their readers seem to like its clean, colorful layout, its quizzes and stories. A New Brunswick reader, Catherine Donovan of Red Bank, wrote that she liked a story on a disabled youth. "It shows us," she said, "that handicapped people are just like you and me."

Ahoy combines fun and facts: An article on "Crazy Old Emily," the late west coast artist Emily Carr; easy, step-by-step instructions on growing sprouts; stories on the history of hockey and on young, talented figure skaters.

Ahoy has only one big problem: Despite its popularity, the magazine's in financial trouble. "We're working in a situation where we don't know where our next meal is coming from," says Book, who, like the rest of the editorial staff, is unpaid. *Ahoy* is funded largely by the Canada Council, which last year gave it \$18,000. If the Council pulled the plug, undoubtedly *Ahoy* would fold. This year the

magazine requested \$25,000 to meet rising production costs, and right now it's sitting tight. "It's depressing," says a usually enthusiastic Book. "We just go from day to day."

Ahoy has never had it easy. When it started, amid growing concern about the lack of Canadian content in children's reading material, none of the Junior Leaguers had any magazine experience. "We must have had a lot of gall," says *Ahoy*'s first editor, Necia Amys, who once inserted subscription forms in 3,000 magazines by hand. Once, a fire spread through the firm that printed the magazine, and a flood ruined 5,000 copies awaiting delivery.

At first, the Junior League thought its non-profit magazine could survive on subscriptions and public-service advertisements. It hadn't anticipated increased costs and stiff competition from other Canadian and U.S. publications. Even larger Canadian magazines fare badly against slickly promoted U.S. magazines

such as *Ranger Rick*, which spends more on promotion in Canada than both Canada's *Owl* and *Chickadee* combined.

The top dog in kids' publishing is the U.S. giant, Scholastic. It publishes *Crackers* and *High Lights* magazines, which are flogged in Canadian classrooms—schoolteachers receive shiny booklets and order forms for their pupils to take home. "It's sloppy, very American and waves the flag on every occasion," says elementary schoolteacher Mary Lou Peterson about *High Lights*. She's a former *Ahoy* editor.

Paul Robinson of the Atlantic Institute of Education in Halifax says cracking the school market is the key to *Ahoy*'s survival. "If you can't make big sales in the school market," Robinson says, "it's very difficult to survive." *Ahoy* claims the Nova Scotia Education Department is indifferent. "They don't realize the fantastic gains we could make if they would just help a little," says *Ahoy* publisher Gary Humphries. After he

took over two years ago, *Ahoy*'s circulation doubled. Now he's arranged with the New Brunswick government to have a copy of *Ahoy* distributed to every elementary classroom in the province for under \$1,000.

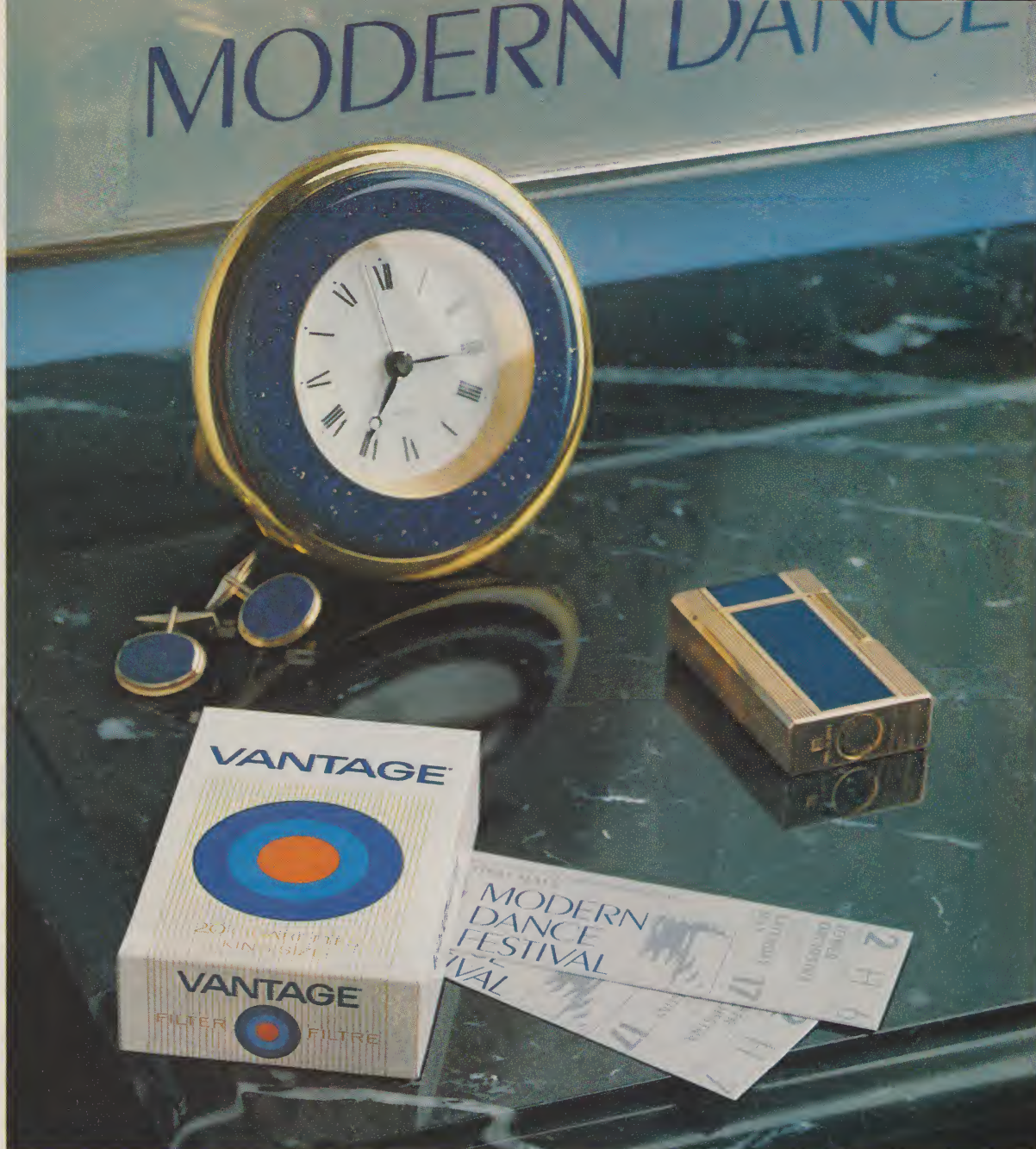
The Nova Scotia Department of Education says it's a strong supporter of *Ahoy*. "Other magazines would give their eye teeth to receive the sort of promotional boost we've given *Ahoy*," says the department's Fay Lee. Education Minister Terence Donahoe even lent his name to 40,000 subscription forms mailed to teachers across Canada. But it's simply not department policy, Lee observes, to support publications financially.

But *Ahoy*'s different from other publications. As managing editor Jane Cowie points out, it's not out to turn a profit. "Our main concern has always been Canadian content in the classroom," she says, "and encouraging reading and writing of quality." ☒



Book: "We just go from day to day"

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HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

Where to find the elusive essence of Canada? Not in books, friends, not in books

Important people, 115 years after Canada's birth, still openly wonder if Canadians are sufficiently Canadian. Once again, they urge us to lash the sleepy huskies of our patriotism and get them slaving and yelping along a trail that's not only snowy but also festooned with red maple leaves. "Let us fall in love again with our country, Canada," Governor-General Ed Schreyer pleads. Yes, he continues, let us "experience *anew* the pioneering spirit, the excitement, the challenge—and the duty—of *making* it as great as it is beautiful." The italics are mine. Their purpose is to suggest that either Ed or his ghost writer thinks that when it comes to national spirit, most of us need a regular goosing.

Ed's upbeat sermon appears in *Canada with Love*, a \$29.95-book of 50 color photographs (why not 115?) that McClelland and Stewart have published "to mark the Patriation of the Consti-

tution of Canada and to celebrate Canada's 115th Birthday." In view of such lofty purposes it's not surprising—though it may be commercially stupid—that *Canada with Love* includes an introductory letter by our ever-lovable prime minister, or his ghost writer. McClelland and Stewart modestly assert that the book is "quite simply, one of the most stunningly beautiful books ever published," but Trudeau goes even further. He says it *is* Canada, "because a country is more than a national anthem, or a flag fluttering in the breeze. It is the breeze itself, and the sunset, and the ocean's roar and all these are captured in this book." Doff your hats, chaps. Bow your heads. Or sing a national anthem in some language, and shell out \$29.95. "In a year in which we have added our own truly Canadian Constitution to the trappings of nationhood," Trudeau continues, "I *hope* this magnificent book

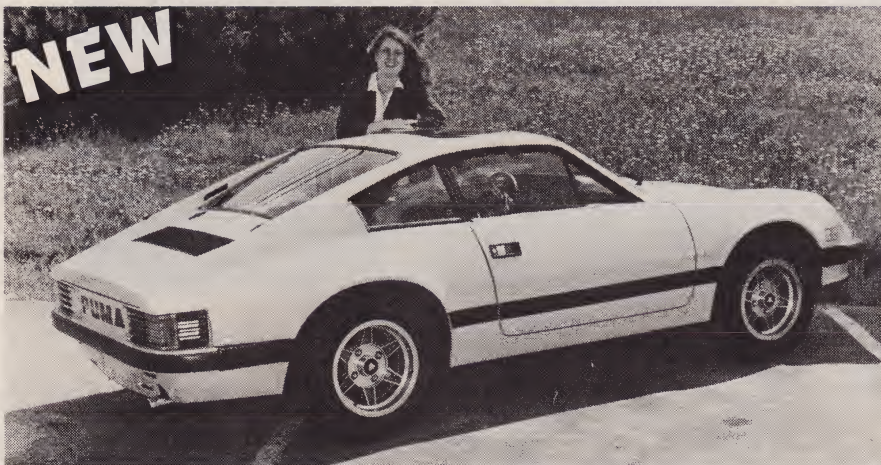


will help *nurture* the kind of love affair a people *should have* with their land and their country." (Italics mine.)

Canada with Love, also sold as *Canada avec amour*, is another bilingual production of Lorraine Monk. She's a kind of patron saint to all your really serious photographers a *mari usque ad mare* and, as head of the still photography division at the National Film Board, she made a huge splash in the coffee-table-book industry back when Canada was merely a century old. That was when she put together the government-subsidized *Canada/A Year of the Land*, the fattest, heaviest and glossiest of all please-love-Canada tomes. It didn't boast pep talks by a prime minister and governor-general, but it did give us Bruce Hutchison at the peak of his Canada-loving form: "The child taken by sagacious parents to a sugar bush sees the maple sap leaking into tin buckets, the nectar boiled into sweet syrup or congealed as toffee on the snow—that lucky child has tasted a Canadian mystery and will never forget it if he lives a hundred years. In such places and such people, not in books, art, science or governments, the national identity, our elusive will-o'-the wisp, must be sought and there it will be found." Not in books? That was a curious confession to put in a book that sought to celebrate our elusive will-o'-the-wisp.

Hutchison must have been wrong, which is why we now have *Canada with Love*. *Canada/A Year of the Land* had 260 plates. That's more than five times as many as *Canada with Love*, but times are tough all over. Indeed, they're so tough in Canada that judging by *Canada with Love*, just about everyone has fled the country. The cover shows the soft, bare back and blowing black tresses of a young woman gazing at Georgian Bay, and it really is a swell shot; but I couldn't find man, women or child anywhere else in the book. Maybe we're supposed to love Canada because all the Canadians have gone to Florida and Hawaii, and it's lonely.

Since there are no people, it follows that in the Canada of *Canada with Love* there are no cities either. Please-love-Canada books tend to be like that. They assume that although most Canadians choose to live in cities, what they really love, or *ought* to love, are snowy moun-



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tains, distant shores, furrowed fields, birds, bulls, barns, and what Ed Schreyer is pleased to call "the immensity of boreal forests and prairie plains." In a prologue to *Canada with Love*, artist Harold Town, who long thrived in the wilderness of central Toronto, catches this familiar theme in his unique, steamy style: "We are chained to the mystery of our endless sky, to the sudden flooding rush of spring, the fat buzz of summer, and the ruthless death of winter through which in every crack of ice we see the green promise of a mystical tomorrow.... We have an extraordinary urge to build in the bush, as witness the lemming rush to cottage country at the end of the school term, an urge to cleanse ourselves outside the city."

Town, however, is tame by comparison with Louise Gareau-Des Bois of St. Lambert, Quebec. In the epilogue, she says to Canada, "Understand me, my lover, my country with your many arms, your body too large and your insatiable desires.... You have planted in my heart your deep roots, sweet-smelling pine, wheat and sea-weed, and I am filled with mountains, plains, and the sea.... I love you, country still to be built, country still to be tamed, country still to be loved." Phew!

"Maybe we're supposed to love Canada because all the Canadians have gone to Florida and Hawaii, and it's lonely"

Canada with Love, incidentally, has inspirational text not only from Gareau-Des Bois, Town, Trudeau, Schreyer and Monk but thanks to John Robert Columbo, compiler of *Columbo's Canadian Quotations*, also from everyone from Chief Dan George ("The beauty of the trees, the softness of the air, the fragrance of the grass speaks to me") to Margaret Atwood ("By discovering your place you discover yourself"). Parts of the book read like movie credits, and last June a nasty fellow in a rival publishing house said, "It's a wonder they didn't say, 'Invoices by Pauline McGibbon [former lieutenant-governor of Ontario].'"

I leafed through *Canada with Love*, and I thought, "My what a lovely book. Look at all those gorgeous and quintessentially Canadian scenes. Great stuff." Then I remembered thinking exactly the same thing when I first opened *Canada/A Year of the Land*. That was 15 years ago. I'm happy to own it, I suppose, but I haven't looked at it for years. Such books, in the long run, never have the slightest influence on how I feel about Canada. 



"A Heineken: that's exactly what I had in mind."



Aileen Quinn as Annie meets Daddy Warbucks' household staff

The cast includes Bernadette Peters, Tim Curry and Carol Burnett

Leapin' Lizards! Here come the Annie dolls

Annie is not very good, but then it's not exactly a movie. It's a marketing festival

Reviews by Martin Knelman

Anyone with children will find it exceedingly difficult to avoid being conned into seeing the bloated, charmless *Annie*. To be fair, the show isn't really worse than the long-running Broadway musical it's based on, which managed to be hugely successful at the box office without the benefit of a distinguished score, a witty book or choreography beyond the most rudimentary and derivative.

None of the show's many creative weaknesses mattered, because *Annie* was presold. It was based on a comic strip that everyone in the world had heard of at one time or another. It was set in the America of the Depression, which made it automatic homespun nostalgia. It featured a put-upon child and an adorable dog, comical villains, and a plot that suggested that true happiness lay in being taken under the wing of the richest man in the world.

Consider the statistics. The comic strip *Little Orphan Annie* has been running continuously since August 5, 1924 (except for a one-day lapse in 1925, when it was killed by a wayward publisher,

setting off such a storm of protest that the publisher had to apologize to thousands of outraged readers). At its peak, it appeared in more than 500 newspapers with a combined readership of more than 47 million.

The Broadway musical won seven Tonies and many other awards. It opened in 1977 and is still running. Living outside New York was no guarantee of protection from *Annie* mania.

Shouldn't we have known what we were getting? Well, yes, but....Expectations escalated with the announcement that John Huston, one of the world's greatest living directors, was going to make his musical debut with the film version. (Huston is best remembered for movies like *The Maltese Falcon*, *The African Queen*, *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and *Beat the Devil*, but even in his later years he has come through with such a wonderful surprise as *The Man Who Would Be King*.) And the cast assembled by Huston included some marvellous talent: Albert Finney (as Daddy Warbucks), Carol Burnett (as Miss Hannigan), Tim Curry and Anne Reinking, among others.

True, the nationwide talent search for the girl to play *Annie* had the air of hucksterism, but the girl they finally came up with, Aileen Quinn, seemed perky enough, and perhaps Huston could bring off a miracle.

No such luck. *Annie* on screen is embalmed with old-fashioned craftsmanship and the sort of carefulness that afflict Hollywood whenever huge profits are within reach. The only radical departures are that Sandy, the dog, has a bigger part, and there are several new, completely forgettable songs. Carol Burnett does her best to be entertaining, and Aileen Quinn is energetic and likable enough, but the movie has no drive or fresh ideas. By the time it had clunked along to its conclusion, that ghastly little song "Tomorrow" had been pounded into our heads relentlessly and interminably, and I was eager to flee.

Annie, you see, isn't exactly a movie; it's a marketing festival. Even if you manage to avoid seeing the movie, you can't escape. *Annie* is omnipresent in the toys, gimmicks and clothes being hustled this season all over the western world. And the success of *Annie* will make it even harder for anyone to get a musical produced with anything fresh or original to it. Remember, *Pennies from Heaven* was a financial disaster. ☒

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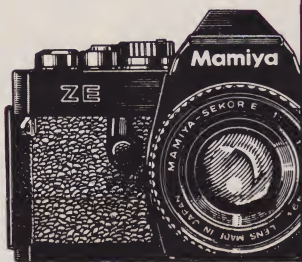
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MOVIES

Awful moments in Canadian film

When it comes to producing atrocities, Canadian movie-makers don't have to take a back seat to anyone

The press release from Paramount Pictures promised "the most incredible scenes from the most outlandish movies ever made." The movie, titled *It Came from Hollywood*, was to have opened at theatres all over North America. Paramount tantalized us with the prospect of scenes from the first all-midget musical western, *The Terror of Tiny Town*. There were also supposed to be clips from *When the Creator Goofs*, with Bela Lugosi as a mad scientist trying to sort out the boys from the girls. And a sample of that camp classic, *Glen or Glenda*, a hilariously sober account of a transvestite.

But the appointed day came and went, and there was no mention in the newspaper of *It Came from Hollywood*. A phone call to Paramount confirmed the worst. A publicist tersely stated that not only wasn't *It Came from Hollywood* opening on schedule, the company had no plans to open it ever. Why? No reason was given, except that orders had come from the highest authority at Paramount. I began to wonder whether I was on to something—maybe the biggest scandal since *Heaven's Gate*. Just why was *It Came from Hollywood* brutally bumped off?

What strikes me as far more important at the moment is the wonderful opportunity Canada has to fill the vacuum. When it comes to producing outlandish movies, camp classics and genuine atrocities so appalling that they become perversely fascinating, the Canadian movie industry doesn't have to take a back seat to anyone.

It should be a matter of the highest national cultural priority to whip together an anthology, perhaps under the title *It Came from Canada*, and get it into theatres all over the world as quickly as possible. This could be the most staggering compilation movie since *That's Entertainment!* Consider the clips waiting in the vaults.

From *Act of the Heart* (1970), which is so much of a hoot from start to finish that it's hard to choose one or two moments, I would want to include the memorable scene when Genevieve Bujold, as a 19-year-old girl looking for God, and Donald Sutherland, as the priest who falls in love with her, give in to passion while alone in a church. As he

slaps her to stop her hysterical blasphemy, they both fall writhing to the floor. Quick cuts of the two most delicious lines ("People need one positive act they'd never forget" and "Maybe you can find something greater than living with a man") before we go to a freeze frame of Bujold putting a match to herself on Mount Royal.

The trouble with several of the most wretched Canadian movies—and this is the true national scandal—is that they're not even *entertainingly* wretched. The National Film Board's *Conflict Comedy*, a post-Sixties parable about an alliance between the very young and the very old, was a fiasco, all right, but the customers who hooted, walked out and demanded their money back when it was offered as a sneak preview in Toronto aren't going to be in a rush to see clips of its most hilariously inept moments, and neither is anybody else. One thing about the National Film Board: Its failures aren't anybody's idea of a good time.

About the closest the Canadian avant-garde has come to producing a genuine piece of camp is Morley Markson's *Monkeys in the Attic*, which features Jackie Burroughs and Victor Garber hopping around a white sculpted bedroom making lunatic noises like demented chimpanzees. But who can enjoy camp when it's working so hard to be posterous?

On the other hand, *City on Fire*—masterminded in 1979 by producer Harold Greenberg, who may have done more than any single individual to make Canadian cinema the laughing-stock of the world—is a classic howler. The "spray cure" finale is a gem that should be included in the anthology, and among the other musts are flashes of Shelley Winters as a doomed nurse bravely manning the bedpans, Susan Clark flexing her eyebrows while trading insults with Barry Newman, and Mavor Moore with his dying breath advising the mayor of the movie's No-Name City (actually Montreal), "Never admit you were wrong." (In the Canadian film industry, that line could be a theme song.)


As more and more Canadian movie-makers develop aspirations toward mediocrity, the deliciously awful movie could become an endangered species. Luckily we have Robert Lantos to protect tradition. The comic high point of *Suzanne* was the moment when Winston Rekter as a mean jewel thief dangled a necklace in front of the heroine while trying to hump her on the floor. Which prompted Jennifer Dale (aka Suzanne, aka Mrs. Lantos) to ask, "Uh, couldn't we do something else for a change?"

Advance word on *Finishing Touch* suggests that the people who gave you *Suzanne*—Lantos, Dale, Rekter—just may have topped themselves. The new

movie is based on a Romain Gary novel, *Your Ticket Is No Longer Valid*. Richard Harris plays a business tycoon of a certain age who faces a double crisis: His financial empire is crumbling, and he is becoming sexually impotent. That may sound like a downer, but when the picture was screened for members of the Academy of Canadian Cinema prior to balloting for the Genie awards, the theatre was in an uproar. It wasn't just a few subversives snickering at the back; scores of academy members were screaming with laughter while a solemn Richard Harris did his damndest to rally his slumbering penis to its former glories. According to one witness, who called all her friends and loved ones to rush down to see *Finishing Touch* and who enjoyed the movie so much that she went back to see it a second time, the most uproarious line was the advice of a wise doctor: "Do not underestimate the value of a partial erection."

Despite the buzz it created, *Finishing Touch* failed to win any Genies; there wasn't a category for accidental comedy.

When it comes to travesties, Canadian cinema history is nothing less than a richness of embarrassments. It simply isn't possible to do justice to all of them in one anthology film. Which is why I'm already looking forward to *It Came from Canada—Part II*.

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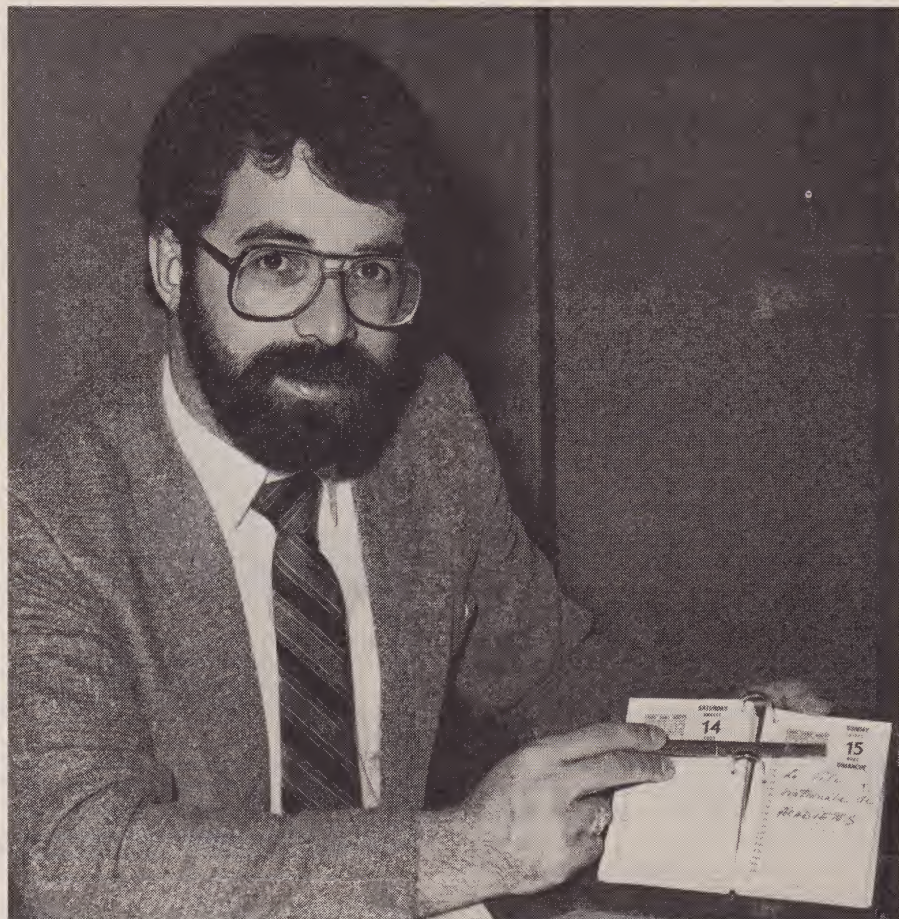
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MINORITIES



JOE STONE

Losier: The province must recognize Acadian Day

This holiday's a hot potato

The New Brunswick government's decision on Acadian Day could even affect the outcome of the next provincial election

In 1974, Richard Hatfield promised New Brunswick a holiday in August and won re-election as premier. This year, amid demands for a second holiday in August, Hatfield will again seek re-election. New Brunswick elections are almost always cliffhangers, so what he decides could very well have a bearing on the fate of this 12-year-old government.

The existing holiday is New Brunswick Day, the first Monday of the month. The date being sought is Aug. 15, the national day of the French-speaking Acadians who comprise 40% of New Brunswick's population. History teaches that national days can be explosive issues. In 1914, Francis Ferdinand, Austrian archduke, ignored warnings not to parade through Sarajevo on June 28, the national day of his Serbian subjects. He was shot, an act that ignited the First World War.

New Brunswick's holiday controversy so far is reminiscent more of a Charlie Chaplin movie than of Flanders Fields. Last year, the government followed three different policies in three weeks. At first

Fredericton, as usual, ignored Acadian requests for an Aug. 15 holiday. But because 1981 was the 100th anniversary of a landmark Acadian convention in Memramcook, it relented on July 31.

The government announced that any provincial government employee who wanted to celebrate Acadian Day could have the time off. As the day approached, everyone wanted to celebrate it. At the 11th hour, Fredericton declared Aug. 15 a provincial government "day off with pay," stressing that it wasn't a "holiday."

More confusing was the fact that Aug. 15 was a Saturday, which meant that most employees, who didn't work Saturdays anyway, had to get a compensatory day off. "It ended up as a real mishmash," says Bob Davidson of Saint John, a representative of the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE). "Some got a holiday, but many did not."

Denis Losier of Fredericton, president of the Société des Acadiens du Nouveau-Brunswick (SANB), says Acadian Day should be observed provincially because

it already is a full holiday in much of the province. "Municipal offices, shopping centres, everything shuts down." Without provincial sanction, however, some people, such as federal employees, are left out. Now that the province has formally endorsed the equality of the two linguistic groups, Losier says, it must recognize Acadian Day. And he says the holiday would be of significance to all sections of New Brunswick.

Few can argue with that. Even though southern New Brunswick is overwhelmingly anglophone today, its early history is Acadian history. Champlain named the Saint John River and planted Canada's first European settlement on an island in the St. Croix River. Later, an Acadian governor, LaTour, made what is now Saint John his capital. Another, Villebon, governed first from Jemseg and then Fredericton.

Losier says Aug. 15 was chosen at the 1881 convention where the Acadians finally regrouped as a people after being dispersed from their Nova Scotia homes a century earlier. Most Acadians are Catholics, and Aug. 15 is Assumption Day on their religious calendar, as it once was on the Anglican calendar. Losier says the the Acadians in 1881 "discussed June 24, which is Quebec's holiday, but rejected it."

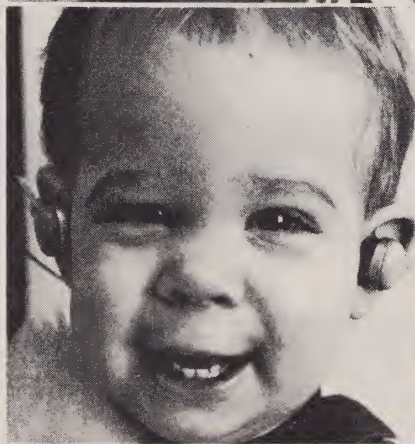
The argument against a new holiday is primarily economic. Gerry Cluney of Moncton, manager of the New Brunswick branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, says the cost in lost production would run from \$10 million to \$50 million. "To some companies, it could mean the difference between staying in business and going out of business," Cluney says the same argument applies against a proposal for a new national holiday in honor of Canada's constitution. "We can't afford it," he says.

One solution would be to move the existing holiday to Aug. 15. Cluney favors a merger, but only if the new holiday falls on a Monday or a Friday. "These cost far less," he says. Losier's preference is for Aug. 15, but says the SANB would discuss pegging it to a long weekend. Davidson of CUPE says labor supports a new holiday, but opposes deleting the existing holiday, "which was granted as a midsummer break." Perhaps the strongest protests last year came from Orange Lodge officials, who said that if New Brunswick makes Aug. 15 a holiday, it should make their day, July 12, a holiday too. But Eldon Buchanan of Sussex, New Brunswick's grand master, now says he sees nothing wrong with a merger.

With an election approaching, the government is saying little about Aug. 15, no doubt hoping the issue won't blow up into a major controversy as it did last year. And the luck of the calendar is on the government's side. This year, Aug. 15 falls on a Sunday.

— Jon Everett

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Clearing the record

Dr. S.V. Anand, of Kentville, N.S., wishes to have clarified certain references which he believes were unfair to his reputation and which appear in the article "The Secret Society of Doctors" in the May, 1982, issue of *Atlantic Insight*.

The article raised concerns about what is seen to be the patent unfairness to the public and doctors of this province who become involved with the Provincial Medical Board. That the Board does not fully explain its decisions and this failure, in any given case, can lead to a misunderstanding in the eyes of the public.

The quotations of Dr. Chhabra in the article as they refer to Dr. Anand and which led to the Provincial Medical Board enquiry, were intended to illustrate the difficulty that the public and doctors have in viewing the role of the Board. It was noted that after the enquiry the Blanchard Memorial Hospital Board reinstated Dr. Anand and said, "The hospital is satisfied Dr. Anand is a competent surgeon."

As Tom Regan, an Acadia University sociologist and specialist in medical sociology, stated with respect to the Provincial Medical Board, "By not explaining their decisions they make it essentially impossible to debate them on their merits."

It was this concern that prompted the article, and the publishers of *Atlantic Insight* apologize to Dr. Anand for any misconception which he believes may have occurred in the article with respect to either his competence or his reputation.

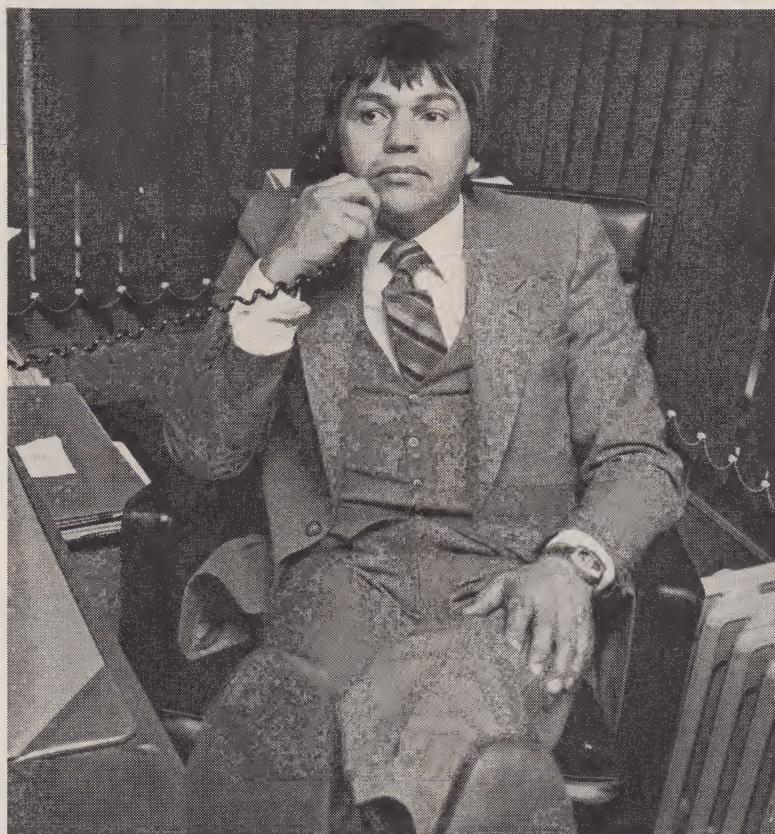
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PROFILE



Maloney's new business would give Indians first crack at jobs



PHOTOS BY ALBERT LEE

"Moulding...a different type of human being"

Jim Maloney: The hard times of a survivor

His life has been scarred by violence, poverty and death. But, at 36, this boxing promoter, karate expert and businessman is still brimming with confidence

By John Soosaar

The male figures stand, half-naked mannequins, as if in anticipation of attack. On command they twist around as one, their arms suddenly slashing the air. The silence of the room is broken only by slapping feet and bursts of exhaled air.

Jim Maloney, karate instructor, sometime boxing promoter and businessman, in white jacket and pants secured with a black belt, walks among his students like a diminutive warlord, checking for rigidity of stance, style and degree of determination as expressed by the glare of the eyes and the speed and fluidity of movements. He stops before one combatant, slams his hand sharply into the stomach, pushes on the man's outstretched arms, then climbs with one foot up on the bulging calf muscle. The man holds his position, with no sign of reaction. Maloney repeats the routine with other students, slamming now to the neck, now to the back, occasionally giving staccato commands in Japanese. His students react as if under a spell. In

fact, hypnosis is involved: Through his commands, the sensei or teacher can bring a class to a high during which it is subservient to him. In the same way, he brings his students down as the class concludes.

The school of karate or Uechi-Rye Karate Do, is in Sackville, a suburban community just outside Halifax. It is one of five such schools Maloney established in Nova Scotia after he returned to his native province in 1973 from the United States with the karate skills he acquired there and later honed in Okinawa. In the early Seventies, when *Kung-Fu* was a television hit and Bruce Lee a movie cult figure, Maloney had plenty of students. Last year, he cut 80 cords of wood to make ends meet.

In spite of harder times, Maloney maintains a faith in the positive effects of the close, warm relationship between master and pupil. "What we're moulding here is a totally different type of human being," he says with pride. "Somebody that's got a lot more patience. Somebody that's gonna be a good-will person.

Somebody that's got a lot of confidence." Jim Maloney has also seen hard times before.

He is a short, stocky man, a shade over his best weight, with lank black hair trimmed to ear length and a thick but pleasant face with a nose that has been broken more than once. At first glance he resembles the kind of South American Indian one might find on the pages of the *National Geographic*. In fact, he is a full-blooded Micmac, raised on the Shubenacadie reserve amid abject poverty, violence and death. At 36, jovial and brimming with self-confidence, he alone, among those he grew up with, has left the reserve and achieved a measure of success in the white world. Most of the others are dead: Of alcohol, by murder, by accident or by their own hand.

"I've been a pall bearer all my life," Maloney says over a cup of tea in a donut house near his Sackville karate school. He quotes a statistic from a recent study which found that violent death was 10 times more likely at the Shubenacadie reserve than anywhere else in Canada. Maloney's brother Reg is now chief of the reserve. Jim Maloney doesn't call himself a militant. The desperate plight of the Indian haunts him but he has given up hope for change because the

Indian problem no longer alarms anyone. Indian complaints are old hat, he says, too commonplace for anyone to care. "They've made the Indian the squirrel in the park," he says of federal Indian Affairs officials. "They've got to maintain their jobs. But the worst of it is they're not doing their jobs."

Maloney was the youngest of the six children of a loving but alcoholic father who made the boy the centre of his own hopeless existence. They were inseparable through Maloney's childhood, years working side by side in the woods cutting timber or carving axe handles to help finance the university educations of two older brothers. Each spring father and son would set out for Maine during the annual Indian migration to the blueberry, strawberry and potato harvests before returning to Shubenacadie for school in October. They lived off the land, hitchhiking with their clothes and pots and pans in a couple of gunny sacks, often sleeping in dirt-floor shacks or the backs of open trucks.

"A father and son couldn't have a relationship like the way we had," Maloney says. "When you starve together and live together, that's the way it is. We'd go two weeks at a time without food. I can remember eating dry bread and cutting off the parts the rats chewed on."

But violence, as well as closeness, began at home. After Maloney's mother died of heart disease in 1955, the house became a hangout for the father's hard-drinking buddies. "It was nothing to come home to find the whole house tipped over and blood strewn all over. Just drunks fighting. Next day they'd be pulling together trying to get some booze. Then, all hell would break loose."

By the time he was 14, Maloney was providing for the household through his hunting, and acting as bouncer when his father's cronies became too disorderly. Often the boy would be summoned, sleepy-eyed, from his upstairs bed during the night by his father to show the others how well he could handle himself. Steve Maloney would whistle and the boy would come down the stairs ready to tackle his father's tormentor.

When Maloney entered Hants East Rural High School in Grade 9, he realized, for the first time, that there was a world beyond the reserve. And that he didn't fit. An impoverished Indian who kept to himself was shunned. At 16 he left the reserve for Boston.

Working at odd jobs to support himself during the day, Maloney studied karate at night. Within 28 months he had his black belt and later held the New England championship for six years. George Pesare, one of the top north-eastern tournament fighters, remembers, "Maloney was one of the top competitors I've ever seen. His timing was incredible. He had an instinct for fighting, and the guts and skill to turn instinct into victory."

In 1965, Maloney had married Anna

Mae Pictou, whom he had known in Shubenacadie and who had already borne him two daughters. While he worked at karate classes and competition, she worked with Indian alcoholics in the Boston area, many of them Micmacs from the Maritimes. They finally divorced in 1970 after she had become active in the Boston Indian Council. On Thanksgiving Day, 1970, she took the first step toward a more militant stand on Indian rights issues when she and American Indian Movement members took over the Nova Scotia-built *Mayflower*, a replica of the pilgrim vessel, in Boston harbor. Later, she took part in the occupation of the village of Wounded Knee in South Dakota and was arrested in 1975 after a shootout with law enforcement officers in Oregon. On February 24, 1976, a farmer found her body near Wanblee on the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota. She had been shot in the back of the head. The death caused an international uproar but FBI and



"I've been a pall bearer all my life"

RCMP investigators failed to find her killer.

Maloney, by now remarried and living in Nova Scotia, had legal custody of the children and operated a karate studio in Halifax. He remembers learning of his former wife's death through a family member. After it was confirmed he sat down with his daughters and quietly explained that their mother had died as a soldier in an Indian war. He remembers that they didn't cry.

In Halifax, Maloney is probably known as widely as a boxing promoter as a karate expert. Canadian middle-weight boxing champion Ralph Hollett came out of Maloney's Granville Street gymnasium as a tough, skilful kick boxer who appeared occasionally as a conventional fighter in preliminary bouts. His rough-house tactics got him nowhere until he teamed up with veteran trainer Tom McCluskey. Maloney promoted the January, 1980, fight in which Hollett upset Canadian champion Fernand Mar-

cotte for the middleweight title. He expected their relationship would get him promotional rights for his former student, but he was wrong.

"When the money started coming in they took my name off the contract," Maloney says with no apparent bitterness. He believes Hollett's family intervened: "Ralph tried to bring me in as exclusive promoter but he was influenced by others."

Maloney's entrepreneurial skills ran into their most disastrous test a few months after his Marcotte-Hollett promotion when New York promoter Bob Arum agreed to bring a world light-heavyweight championship fight to Halifax: WBC light-heavyweight champion Matthew Saad Muhammad would defend against sixth-ranked Louis Pergaud of West Germany on Mother's Day at Metro Centre. Maloney took on the fight, with Halifax lawyer Don Kerr putting up the money, but the two weeks of pre-fight promotion time (six weeks is the rule) wasn't enough. The card was a total flop. Only 3,600 turned out and hundreds of tickets were given away in an effort to swell the crowd for ABC television.

Today, Maloney is putting his karate skills and experience in forming Indian police forces on Nova Scotia reserves in the 1970s to work in an attempt to set up a private security service. His security officers will be trained in the martial arts and security in his schools for 18 weeks before they don uniforms. Indians will be given preference for jobs, but only those meeting rigid standards will be accepted. He hopes that recent federal government policy changes aimed at helping Indians to help themselves will bring a favorable response to his request for \$136,000 to launch the business.

We're sitting in his modest Fall River bungalow looking at his guns and admiring the bow hung over the fireplace mantel. Maloney's American-born wife, Barbara, is cooking venison and salmon. "Deer don't stand a chance," he says, with a laugh. "I can smell them." He does some bow hunting but relies mainly on a 12-gauge shotgun.

Later, carving up a large baked, stuffed Atlantic salmon, he says that, although fly fishing may suit some, he would rather wait until he can see salmon in the river and then spear them, as his forefathers did. He makes the most of the old methods.

But what about rules? What about the Quebec Provincial Police and their attempt last year to stop Indians on the Restigouche reserve from taking Atlantic salmon? Maloney knows the Indians were selling them, but says it doesn't matter. Sports fishermen on the same river are unmolested. But shouldn't Indian deer hunters and salmon fishermen abide by the same regulations as others? "Is there a season on spaghetti or rice?" Maloney asks. "If there's a lack of deer in Nova Scotia it isn't because of the Micmac." ☒

New hope for kidney patients

Many people with kidney failure now can lead a normal life with the aid of a remarkable, new home dialysis treatment. The technique's as simple as siphoning gas

Irma Middleton, a 49-year-old switchboard operator at the Sussex, N.B., hospital and the mother of two grown boys, suffered kidney failure last year. Had this happened 20 years ago, she probably would have died. Ten years ago, she would have had to give up her job and spend many hours a week hooked up to a machine to dialyze or purify her blood. But because of a new dialysis treatment, she was able to continue living a normal life until, five months later, she received a kidney transplant.

"I felt better while I was on the treatment than I had for the previous 10 years," says Middleton. No wonder. In a healthy person, two kidneys extract waste and excess liquid that accumulate in the blood and dispose of them in the urine. When the kidneys are malfunctioning, the blood becomes fouled. Middleton says her kidneys had been gradually deteriorating for 10 years until her condition finally reached a crisis stage. She could have gone for dialysis earlier, but she always feared that the cure would be worse than the disease. She was relieved and surprised that it wasn't.

The treatment she was given has an imposing name, continuous ambulatory peritoneal dialysis (CAPD), but the technique is as simple as siphoning gas. "Peritoneal" refers to the peritoneum, the membrane that envelops the organs of the abdomen—the stomach, liver, spleen, intestines and kidneys. Doctors make a small permanent opening in the abdomen and insert a plastic tube into the cavity between the peritoneum and the organs. The tube protrudes from the patient's abdomen and is fastened to a two-foot extension tube. Like the umbilical cord it resembles, this tubing becomes the patient's lifeline.

After a short training period in hospital, the patient is ready to dialyze himself at home. He attaches a plastic bag containing two litres of a blood-cleansing fluid to the extension tube. When he holds up the bag, the fluid flows down through the tube into his abdomen. He then wraps the tube around his waist and inserts the empty bag into a pocket sewn inside his clothing and goes off about his business. Later he puts the bag on the floor and the fluid drains out. He detaches the old bag and attaches a new one and repeats the procedure.

The whole process of draining and filling takes, on average, a half hour. Dr. S. Paul Handa, a Saint John nephrologist (kidney specialist) says a patient can fill

up before going to bed, drain out the old fluid at breakfast and refill immediately afterward. He must then wait four to six hours. "At 12 o'clock, at lunch, he can put in a new bag," Handa says. A patient will make three to five changes a day, depending on his chemistry, generally seven days a week.

CAPD purifies the blood through a chemical interplay between the fluid, which contains such ingredients as potassium and calcium, and the blood, in numerous tiny blood vessels in the peritoneum. As the fluid ingredients enter the bloodstream, the waste products come out. CAPD works through a process of osmosis, Handa says.

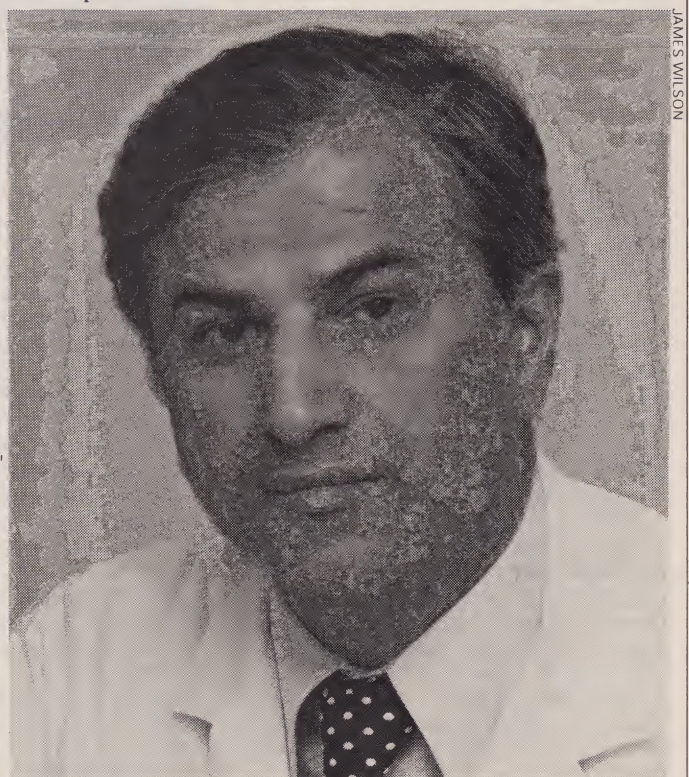
CAPD was conceived in Texas in 1976 and is still so novel it was featured on ABC-TV's *That's Incredible* program this year. New Brunswick was the first Atlantic province to offer CAPD in 1978, nearly a year after it started in Ontario. Three years ago, it got off the ground in Newfoundland, where about 30 patients now use CAPD. The program is only now "gathering momentum" in Nova Scotia, Handa says, because the emphasis has been on kidney transplantation instead. About 10 patients in Nova Scotia started CAPD this year.

Handa, a 44-year-old native of the Punjab in India, says CAPD became possible with the development of a catheter that could be left in the abdomen indefinitely and of a suitable disposable plastic bag. Before CAPD, the only peritoneal dialysis available was "intermittent," and it was offered in New Brunswick as early as 1972. This technique meant going to hospital three times a week while an attendant handled tubing clamps several times a day. The risk from infection was high and the effectiveness of the treatment low. In CAPD, Handa says, just the opposite is true.

CAPD is not suitable for everyone, however, and that's why hemodialysis, the kidney machine treatment, will remain in use. In hemodialysis, a patient is hooked up to a machine—really an artificial kidney—for up to 18 hours a week in three sittings. His blood flows from his body through the machine, which contains a blood-cleansing fluid and filtering membrane, and back into his body. Doctors usually advise large people to choose machine treatment because their mass may be too great for CAPD to work effectively. People who put on weight easily also may prefer the machine because CAPD, which introduces glucose into the body, can cause obesity. However, the machine is of no use to diabetics, small people, or patients with poor blood vessels or poor hearts. To them, CAPD is a godsend.

New Brunswick has catapulted from the 19th to the 21st century in kidney disease treatment in just over 10 years. Until 1970, a patient could receive emergency dialysis in a city hospital, but had to leave the province for continuous treatment. Then former premier Louis Robichaud, whose late son Jean-Claude suffered from kidney disease, spearheaded a campaign to set up a provincial kidney foundation. It persuaded the government to provide home dialysis machines. Today, 30 patients are on home hemodialysis, 30 are on hospital hemodialysis, and 25 are on CAPD. And there's no waiting list.

— Jon Everett



Handa says the risks are low, the effectiveness high

JAMES WILSON

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FOLKS



Shaw: At home on the waves

In the male-dominated sport of sailing, Halifax natives **Cathy Shaw** and **Judy Lugar** are making waves. Shaw, 22, and Lugar, 21, are members of the Women's National Sailing team, the only Atlantic Canadians to qualify. They compete in the Laser, a 140-pound fibreglass boat that costs about \$2,100 and is easy for one person to manoeuvre. Because competitors aren't allowed to alter the construction of boats in the one-design class, sailing them becomes "a trial of individuals, not boats," Shaw says. Shaw and Lugar, who have been sailing for 10 years, will compete this month in the Canadian Singlehanded Championships in Baddeck, N.S. Then they're off to the world's championship in Acapulco, Mexico, in October to compete against 17 other countries. The nine-mile, triangular course takes about 2½ hours to complete. "You have to be strong and agile to sail," says Shaw, who's five-foot-10, "and you're perpetually making judgments—about the wind, waves." Lugar and Shaw are used to strong, steady winds. "When it's strong and gusty, I feel right at home," Shaw says. Shaw, who has a history degree and Lugar, who's an intern in physiotherapy, will compete against men in the Laser North Americans in September. Sailing against them is "essential," Shaw says, "because you can learn so much...they share their expertise."

Roland Legge, 39, of Moncton goes about his job at the Post Office with a stronger sense of security these days. Until recently, Legge, who's been deaf since birth, had no easy means of communicating with co-workers. And work-

ing shifts as a postal clerk meant leaving his family alone at odd hours, with no way of keeping in touch with them. Now that's changed, thanks to a TDD (telephone device for the deaf) system supplied by Canada Post. Legge's "visual ear," which cost about \$300, was the first installed in Atlantic Canada. It consists of a keyboard, a telephone, a black box and a viewing screen. Legge engages the system by dialling a number, and then puts the receiver on its cradle and types his message, which appears on the screen. Because he can't hear whether he's made the connection, a red light will blink on the black box to tell him all's well. With another TDD at home, his wife, Connie, who's also deaf, can get messages to him at work. "If my wife or children have an accident, she will call me," Legge says.

Young Atlantic Canadians moving to the big city in search of fortune should take some advice from **Suzanne Hébert** of Edmundston, N.B.: When goin' down the road, always stop for red lights. Hébert, a 26-year-old folksinger-songwriter, neglected to do that in Montreal this spring, and she was struck by a car. "I'm still not used to Montreal," she says. "It was my second accident since moving here." The accident, which damaged her pelvis, will temporarily halt a professional career that began with a triumph at the 1977 Acadian Festival in Caraquet, N.B. There she unveiled "Ode à l'Acadie," which has since become her signature song and, as simply *Ode*, the title of an album. Hébert, a blue-eyed blonde who plays guitar and piano, says she doesn't set out to write about Acadians specifically, but many of her songs are rooted in the Acadian

experience. Hébert has performed on several French-language network TV programs and done a 26-stop singing tour of France. Now recuperating, she says, "I may not do much this year." But the road to success still lies open—provided, of course, she somehow learns how to cross the streets of Montreal.

When singer-songwriter **John Ellis** first visited Prince Edward Island on a camping trip, "it was like I crash-landed," he says. "I had lost my way, and I felt I should stay on the Island, where the ground was." At the time, Ellis, 39, was living in Toronto, had just recorded a new song called "You Are," and was frantically trying to keep up with his glamorous new circle of friends in the recording industry. For a change of pace, he moved to a small P.E.I. farm, lived for a time without electricity or a telephone and raised cows, goats, chickens and ducks. "I'm a city boy who always dreamed of being a country boy," says Ellis, who grew up in Manchester, England, and immigrated to Canada in 1974. His musical roots are country, too: He once sang country music in Portuguese bars, and one of his early bands was a bluegrass group in Ontario called the Orton Yahoos. Since then, he's produced two albums and had four singles make the Top 10 on the national middle-of-the-road charts. Despite his retreat from the musical mainstream, his career is "starting to cook" again, he says. He plays in four Island bands, and this fall he'll co-host a CBC-TV variety show from Charlottetown—a sampler of Island talent. Eventually, he hopes to perform in other parts of Canada, but the Island remains home base. "Coming to the

DAVID NICHOLS



RICHARD FURLONG

Ellis: A city boy who crash-landed on P.E.I. Island," he says, "was like coming home."

Ellen Garvie, 23, of St. John's, uses everything from lace and beads to fish vertebrae to decorate clothes in her Hand Built Clothing shop. Garvie, who started designing clothes for herself eight years ago, has been selling professionally for four and says, "Home-made isn't necessarily professional, but handmade is." She started the business two years ago after samples of her designs in an Atlantic Craft Trade Show in Halifax

won her a "Best Product" award. Garvie calls her fashions "comfortable and casual" with a "well-dressed" appeal. She prefers to work in natural fabrics of cotton, silk and wool. Working in limited edition designs "not for prestige but for variety," Garvie builds dresses, shirts and even knapsacks in her small shop. Her customers (average age, 30) pay from \$40 for a cotton top to just under \$100 for a simple, dyed cotton dress. "Special-occasion pieces" such as a non-traditional, silk wedding dress may sell

Garvie: From lace and beads to fish vertebrae



BARRETT PHOTON

for as much as \$400. With sizes in small, medium and large, Garvie works extensively with yokes, lace and tucks in her designs. Employing two women in the St. John's store, she also sells her clothing through Halifax and Toronto handmade shops. Garvie has no immediate plans for expansion. "I don't see from one year to the next," she says. "My future is still in clothing."

Barn chores don't keep **John Graves** of Mount Rose, N.S., working from daylight to dark. Although he has six head of cattle, two horses and two ponies, Graves checks them only about once a week. A full-time landscaper, he doesn't worry about cleaning stalls, feeding or watering his charges: They're all lifesize, fibreglass models of the real thing. Since the late Sixties, Graves has been caretaker of the barnyard menagerie owned by a neighbor who lives most of the year in the U.S. "I put them out in the spring and put them back in the fall," Graves says. Coralled behind a white fence, the livestock delight tourists in the summer; during the winter, they're sheltered in a yellow barn. Occasionally, the animals need paint touch-ups because the sun and weather fade them, Graves says. He sometimes applies a clear urethane finish "to keep them shiny." When they return to pasture each spring, Graves has to keep the grass trimmed, clipping around each animal. This summer, he's trying to sell off the stock. The entire herd will go for \$3,000, but you can also buy individual animals. The prize Clydesdale, for instance, is up for grabs at \$775, which, as far as Graves is concerned, "is a real good buy."

DAVID NICHOLS



Graves: Livestock for sale, very quiet

Stalking the lovely dandelion

As photographer Mike Saunders demonstrates, there's beauty in the lowliest of plants. It all depends on your point of view

Woodstock, N.B., photographer Michael Saunders can't understand why people dislike dandelions. Perhaps they look at them the wrong way, he says. Instead of standing up, he suggests "crawling around, chin to the ground." You'll discover a whole new world filled with dainty blossoms and fluffy heads of seed. "I think they're a beautiful flower," he says. "They're one of my favorites."

To prove it, he's got a lawn full of them. One day last summer, when the mower destroyed many of the dandelions on his own place, just outside town, he spied a crop on a neighbor's lawn and slipped over. As he crawled around, snapping pictures, his neighbor "noticed this thing" on the lawn that she mistook for a bear. When she got out binoculars for a better look, she concluded that it was a human couple, rolling about on the lawn. Saunders, a jolly and outgoing 40-year-old father of two, tells the story with gusto.

He's discovered other hazards connected with photographing dandelions:

He's been stung by bees three times. He has, however, found that it's safe to photograph them from a 12-inch distance.

Through the eye of his camera, even a wilting dandelion and a head of down look dramatic. He records the early morning dew bouncing off the "splashy little flower," sunlight gleaming through the blooms. Saunders makes art from what most of us consider awful.


And he's fascinated by all kinds of photography—news, commercial, studio and experimental. "I get a great charge from seeing things in their best light," he says. Nearly everything Saunders does somehow involves photography. Snorkelling with his family at their summer camp at Grand Lake, N.B., he takes pictures underwater. When he and his wife, Judy, a painter, travel, their holidays become picture-snapping sprees. A walk in the woods can turn into a crawl, with Mike and Judy on their knees investigating the effect on foliage of shadow and light.

In the past few years, he's put more emphasis on nature photography. But

he's always been wild about dandelions. "This may be my dandelion period," he says.

Saunders is not alone in his high regard for dandelions. Over the years, people have found many uses for the plant, which is native to Europe. The young, chicory-like leaves are used in salads, the roots roasted as a coffee substitute, the flowers made into wine and the roots dried for laxatives and tonics.

More important to Saunders is that "they're an awful lot of fun to photograph." The trick is to shoot them on calm days; otherwise, it's hard to focus. Saunders uses a "very, very handy" 2X tele extender—a device that is designed to bring distant scenes closer but is "magnificent" for close-range shots.

Most people, of course, are too busy trying to kill dandelions to consider taking their pictures. Once, a truck equipped with weed-killer pulled up to Saunders' house. The driver, seeing the yellow-blanketed lawn, had made the understandable mistake of choosing Saunders as his first customer. The driver left shaking his head, Saunders recalls, when Saunders started "raving." Why people destroy this free and fuss-free flower—and then plant other flowers—is something that baffles him. Perhaps, he says, dandelions aren't appreciated because "they come so easily." 





CALENDAR

NEWFOUNDLAND

July 1-Aug. 1—Equipment for Eternity: A look at funerary practices in ancient Egypt, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

July 10—"Hang Ashore" Folk Festival, Prince Edward Park, Corner Brook

July 10-12—Nfld. Amateur Championship, 2nd Willingdon Competitive Team Trials, Blomidon Golf Club, Corner Brook

July 15-30—Nfld. Editions II: Recent prints, Art Gallery, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

July 15-Aug. 15—Signal Hill Tattoo, St. John's

July 16-18—Women's Invitational 'B', 'A' Division Softball Championship, Labrador City

July 16-18—Men's Invitational 'A' Softball Championship, Grand Falls

July 16-18—Summer Craft Fair, Memorial University, St. John's

July 18—Sound of Tradition: Mini-festival of folksinging, Harmon Complex, Stephenville

July 19-Aug. 1—Stephenville Festival presents "Jesus Christ Superstar," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Sometimes We Die," "The Children's Crusade," "The Newfoundland Herald," and "Tennessee and Me," Stephenville

July 22-24—Fish Fun and Folk Festival: Traditional music, craft fair, suppers, Twillingate

July 23-Aug. 11—Stephenville's Yesteryear: An exhibit of photographs and artifacts from the 1920s and 1930s, Kindale Library, Stephenville

July 24—Peterview Day: Parade, barbecue, games, Peterview

July 24, 25—3rd Annual Labrador Heritage Festival: Music, drama, crafts, Goose Bay

July 31-Aug. 1—3rd Annual Folk Festival "Une Longue Veillée," Cap Ste George, Port-au-Port Peninsula

Aug. 13—Summer Sports and Fun Festival: Softball, Track and Field, Mama Dawe Recreational Park, Corner Brook

Aug. 13-16—"1882": A play, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Aug. 15—Old Bonaventure Day: Games of chance, log throwing, Old Bonaventure

NOVA SCOTIA

July 14-18—Summer Fair, Bridgetown

July 15—Acadian Salmon Festival, Pomquet

July 15-18—Whycocomagh Summer Festival, Whycocomagh

July 16, 17—Crafts in Paradise, Craft Centre, Paradise

July 16, 17—Judique-on-the-floor Days, Judique

July 16-18—Highland Games, Antigonish

July 17—Old Home Summer "Country Music Festival," Bridgewater

July 19-24—Kipawo Showboat Co. presents, "The Odd Couple," Wolfville

July 26-31—Annual Schooner Races, LaHave River Yacht Club

July 27-Aug. 14—Leading Wind Theatre presents "The Mikado," Chester

July 28-Aug. 15—"Candida," by George Bernard Shaw (nightly except Mondays) Th'Yarc, Yarmouth

July 29-Sept. 5—René Magritte: Cinematograph and Photography, 1928-1955, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

July 30-Aug. 1—Annual Craft Market Festival, College of Cape Breton, Sydney

July 31—Mackerel Snapper Picnic, Graves Island Park, East Chester

July 31-Aug. 2—Craft and Antique Show, Annapolis Royal

July 31-Aug. 8—Old Home Week, Chester

Aug. 6-8—Scallop Days, Digby

Aug. 9-11—Festival de l'Escaouette, Chéticamp

Aug. 10, 11—Garden Party, Blue Rocks

Aug. 10-15—Festival of the Tartans, New Glasgow

Aug. 11-15—Mermaid Theatre presents "Shadow Valley," a romantic and mystery-shrouded comedy, Acadia University, Wolfville

Aug. 11-15—10th Anniversary Blueberry Harvest Festival, Amherst

Aug. 12-16—Nova Scotia Indian Summer Games, Truro

Aug. 13-15—Clam Festival, Economy, Colchester Co.

Aug. 14, 15—St. Peter's Parish Fair, Ketch Harbour

Aug. 14, 15—Community Fair, L'Ardoise, Richmond Co.

Aug. 14, 15—Annual Community Legion Dory Races, Prospect Bay

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

July 5-Aug. 27—P.E.I. Artists Group Show: Paintings, drawings, photographs, Holland College, Charlottetown

July 12—The Cameo Cabaret opens with "My Many Husbands," starring Don Harron and Catherine McKinnon (running five weeks), Charlottetown

July 16—Yacht Race (Shediac/Charlottetown)

July 16-25—27th Annual Lobster Carnival and Livestock Exhibition: Parade, beauty pageant, harness racing, lobster suppers, Summerside

July 17—Uigg Day: Parade, games, entertainment, Uigg

July 17, 18—Open-air Scottish Concert, Rollo Bay

July 17, 18—Potato Blossom Golf Tournament, Mill River Golf Club

July 18—Maritime Championship

Drag Racing, Oyster Bed Bridge

July 21-24—Potato Blossom Festival, O'Leary

July 24-31—Acadian Festival, L'Ardoise, Richmond Co.

July 29-31—Emerald Weekend, Emerald

July 29-Aug. 1—Northumberland Fisheries Festival, Murray River

Aug. 2-7—National Amateur Ladies' and Amateur Teams Championship, Brudenell Golf Club, Roseneath

Aug. 3—Harvest of the Sea, Basin Head Fisheries Museum, Basin Head

Aug. 4-7—Country Days Antique Showsale, Confederation Mall, Charlottetown

Aug. 6, 7—Charlotte Twirlers Old Home Week Square-dance Jamboree, Holland College, Charlottetown

Aug. 6-9—Tyne Valley Oyster Festival: Oyster shucking, parade, entertainment, Tyne Valley

Aug. 7—La Fête Acadienne: Step-dancing, concert, Acadian supper, Tignish

Aug. 7—Carleton-Coleman Jamboree, Carleton, Prince Co.

Aug. 9-14—Old Home Week: Harness Racing, horse shows, midway, Exhibition Grounds, Charlottetown

Aug. 13—Gold Cup Parade, Charlottetown

Aug. 15—La Fête Acadienne: Traditional religious celebration, Tignish

Aug. 15—Blueberry Fair, Green Park

NEW BRUNSWICK

July 16-18—Summer Festival, Lac Baker

July 18-24—Loyalist Days, Saint John

July 18-25—Rendez-vous Festival, Néguaac

July 19-Sept. 19—Lansdowne Bird Paintings, 1958-1972, N.B. Museum, Saint John

July 22-25—Peat Moss Festival, Lamèque

July 22-25—Atlantic National Horse Show, Saint John

July 24-Aug. 24—Women's Work: Contemporary New Brunswick artists, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

July 25-Aug. 1—Brussels Sprout Festival, Rogersville

July 25-Aug. 2—Foire Brayonne, Edmundston

July 27-Aug. 1—Western Rodeo, St. Isidore

July 28-Aug. 1—Tuna Festival, Miscou Island

July 30-Aug. 1—Provincial Invitational Softball Tournament, Paquetville

July 30-Aug. 1—Cocagne Bazaar, Cocagne

July 30-Aug. 2—Albert Co. Quilt Fair, Community Hall, Hopewell Cape

July 30-Aug. 2—New Brunswick Indian Summer Games, Burnt Church

Aug. 1—International Swim across Bay of Chaleur, Grande-Anse

Aug. 4-27—Exhibit of Crafts from N.B. Craft School and Centre, City Hall, Saint John

Aug. 7, 8—International Hydroplane Regatta, Cocagne

Aug. 12-14—Grand Manan Rotary Festival, Grand Manan

Aug. 13-15—Pistol Festival, Campbellton

Aug. 15-21—Pioneer Days, Chatham

MARKETPLACE

BOOKS

GRAMMA'S RHYMES OF THE MARITIMES: A delightful new children's book. Twenty-four pages of original nursery rhymes by "Gramma" Brenda Parsons, illustrated in bright colors by Kathy Balser. "Attractive...imaginative," *The Telegraph Journal*. "A sparkling new entry into children's literature," *The Moncton Transcript*. \$5.50 ppd. Gramma's Baby Boutique, 12 Woodland Drive, Moncton, N.B. E1E 3B9

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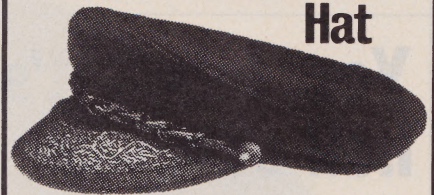
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Yes, folks, it's been one hell of a year in Newfoundland

July, rather than religion, is the opiate of the masses in these parts. It benumbs and seduces them. It sucks them in to believing that Newfoundland is actually a fit place for human habitation. By this time most of the icebergs have sailed past to crumble and disintegrate in the Gulf Stream just as the first modest heat wave seems to vaporize all memory of the horrors of the nine months past.

These particular nine have been especially hideous. Man and Nature combined to stick it to us. As late as mid-June, St. John's Councillor Ron Pumphrey came back from a visit to Halifax to report that while it (of all places in God's creation) appeared optimistic, bright and busy, St. John's, in contrast, was grey, decaying and cheerless. This from a paid professional booster. He erred on the side of charity. Though Halifax, from here, is generally regarded as being about as merry as a heap of skinned and smoked monkeys it must be admitted that recent events have pounded the Happy Province into a dour and bedraggled state.

We had snow. So, who didn't? Yet imagine the consternation of a postman in Gander who discovered that a whole building full of pensioners had disappeared overnight. Then he realized that he was standing in snow that had completely buried the low, flat-roofed building.

In St. John's, Councillor Pumphrey and his mates gave up the struggle to plow the streets and, instead, dumped prodigious quantities of salt on them. Vehicles which, for four months, steamed through a foot of strong brine have dissolved and pedestrians are thoroughly pickled to the kneecaps.

As spirits dropped, the price of the stuff in crocks was steadily raised. A jug of what you fancy now costs \$12 which never fails to bemuse visiting Albertans. Yet, more than \$65 million was laid out for this vital supply of anti-freeze during the grisly twelvemonth past.

Gambling, that sure barometer of hard times, took a great upturn, especially among the more downcast. Lineups for lotto tickets of many sorts are common everywhere from banks to kiddies' shoe stores. These scraps of cruel hope add to the litter of "the dirtiest city in North America."

The Ocean Ranger disaster cast a communal depression over the whole province and the wound has been kept raw by the dragged-out investigations of

the U.S., Canadian and Newfoundland governments and poisonously infected by the jurisdictional squabbles between St. John's and Ottawa.

As always when great heaps of crap, corruption and confusion hover overhead, the churches enjoy an infusion of backsliders scuttling back to the Throne of Heavenly Grace. This makes the clergy bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. They feel constrained to "speak out." In Newfoundland, it's always a touchy business when the churches pipe up. The Roman Catholic-Protestant balance here isn't nearly as delicate as it is in Northern Ireland. But there's enough of a residue of the ancient dirt that it's still like treading on Easter egg shells. When, during a memorial service for the Ocean Ranger victims, the RC archbishop knocked provincial and federal heads together for bickering at such a tragic time there were muted gasps and cheers.

But then, in April, the whole brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God put the boots to young Alfie Peckford for disrupting the sanctity of Holy Week eve with the scurrility and unseemliness of a provincial election.

In June, Newfoundland Christendom united once more—excepting only Salvationists, Pentecostals and Seventh Day Adventists—to urge Peckford and Trudeau into each others' arms for the greater provincial and national good. And there have been plaintive calls on the radio open line programs for HH the Pope, HM the Queen and, possibly, Wayne Gretzky to come over into Macedonia and help us.

Mr. Peckford, meanwhile, has shown alarming signs of being overwhelmed by the press of events. Although he's got a whopping majority in the House of Assembly he launches into even the slightest peeps of doubt or criticism like all the furies of hell. That hair-raising phrase "heinous crimes against the state" hasn't actually been used yet, as it once was in Smallwood's day, but we keep our ears perked—while we still have them.

With April came the budget. Few signs of Reaganomics could be found in it although Ronnie's famous cinema phrase "Where's the rest of me?" would seem to apply. The second half of it may be dumped on us in the fall. In a single dreary week we got the first instalment of a budget, the famous "Day of Mourning" and legislation against topless waitresses.

Frost in mid-June destroyed gardens, river runoff from the heavy snow killed

lobsters in the pounds, a cold water barrier kept salmon away from the shore...and the alarming rumor started that God had turned Liberal.

Speaking of facsimiles thereof, Mr. Trudeau took a twirl through the Maritimes to say, yaaa yaaa yaaa, Nova Scotians were good little boys who played by federal rules and therefore St. John's would wither and perish even as Halifax waxed and grew fat. It was calculated provocation and up she went again. The purple-faced ranting of Peckford against the sneering petty vindictiveness of Trudeau. The threatened tightening of the federal screws began and the real misery caused thereby flared up in unlikely spots throughout the province.

Those who'd thought that offshore oil had become an overwhelming obsession with Peckford revised their opinion when they saw Trudeau and his boys lunge with such single-minded lust after Hibernia. But the mysterious antipathy of Trudeau toward Newfoundlanders has always been there and perhaps a psychologist rather than a sociologist would make a better fist of explaining it. Maybe his mother was frightened by one. Recent signs that this wonky disdain might apply to the rest of humankind as well is cold comfort here.

It's been one hell of a year in Newfoundland. Blizzards, bickering, slush, slander, backstabbing, disasters, confusion, trepidation...mother said there'd be days like that but she didn't say how many.

What odds, now that it's July. Heat and humidity will stopper the gobs of the bunch in Ottawa and if the jokers in Confederation Building choose to keep beating their gums there'll be nobody around to hear them. Newfoundlanders stream out into the countryside to marvel at the temporary absence of snow and memories of nine solid months of atrocities are switched off like the furnace.

The more pensive among us will wonder if these three glorious months of July, August and September are enough to charge the batteries for the nine when the savage battering resumes again. "If you knows of a better 'ole then 'op to it!" was the comment of one foxhole soldier to his bitching buddy in a famous Great War cartoon. In August, by the grace of God, I will be 5,000 miles away to the westward from this place. It's partly holiday. But the rest of Canada had better be prepared for a thorough hole inspection. ☒



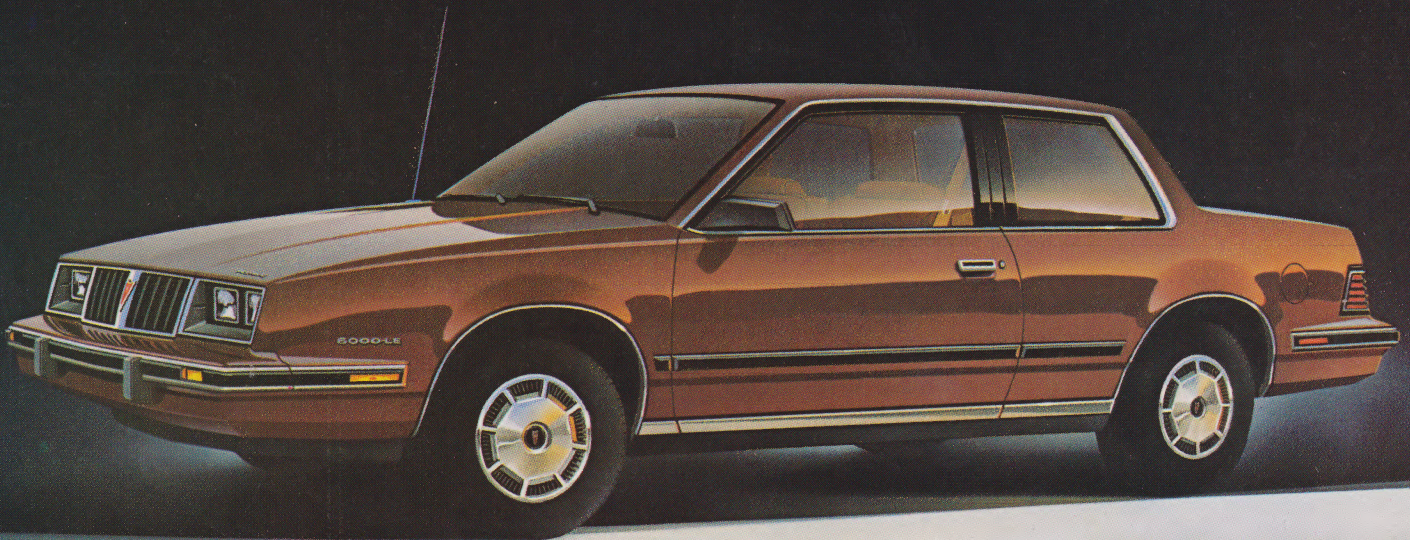
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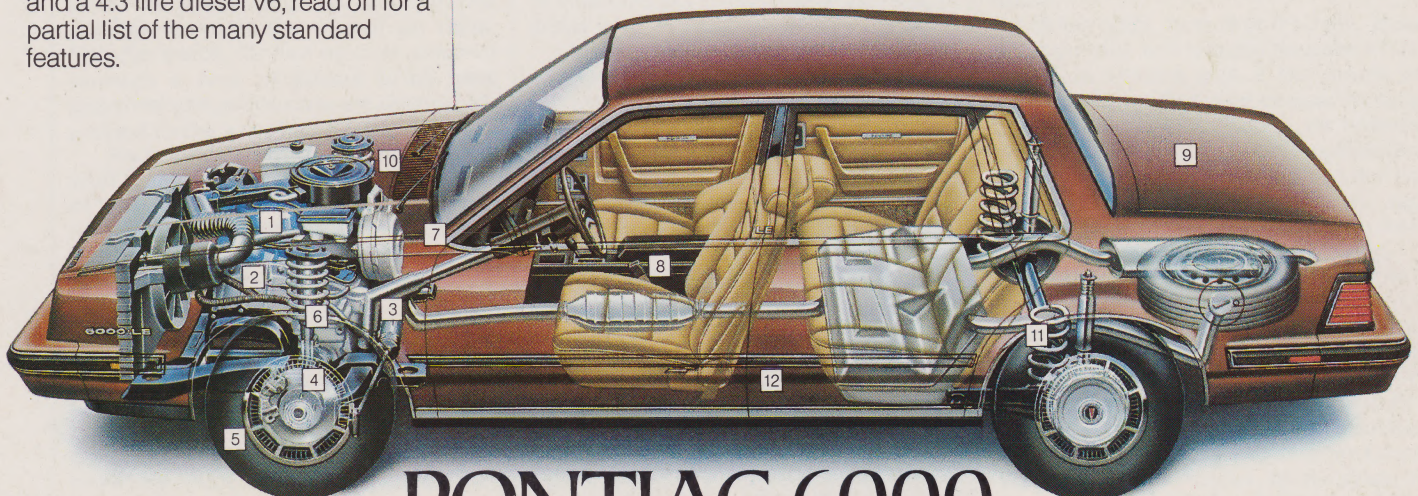
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